PRICE 10 CENTS **SATURDAY NIGHT** OCTOBER 16, 1943

VOL. 59, NO. 6 • TORONTO, CANADA

...ing took
quietly at St. Peter's rectory, Aug. 2...
1943.

## OBITUARY

**AXIS** —Suddenly, in Germany. Death followed attack and seizure. Funeral services will be held in Berlin. Omit flowers. Austrian, Czecho-Slovakian, Polish, Danish, Norwegian, Netherlands, Belgian, French and Greek papers please copy.

**BATTLE** Resting at the late residen... 1943 at the Toronto Western Hos...

Oct. ve., of

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# Be in at the kill !

The funeral knell of the Axis powers
Sounds Freedom for the Old World,
And the New.
Freedom for the people —
To think,
To work,
To live
Self-reliant —
As they were born to live.

Every day the war continues
Means thousands more lives
Millions more dollars
Spent.

Don't think because the news is good
Today,
We'll win tomorrow.

Victory is still a long way off.
But it can be hastened
By YOU
You the war workers,
The clerks,
The farmers,
The business men and women,
The people of Canada.

Your part is simple — but *urgent.*

Here's what *you* can do
To speed the victory.
You can buy Victory Bonds.
Not just one to say you did,
But to your limit.
Buy Victory Bonds —
*And* HOLD *them.*

CONTRIBUTED BY SATURDAY NIGHT
TO THE FIFTH VICTORY LOAN

WING OFFICER WILLA WALKER —*Photo by Karsh.*

# NAME IN THE NEWS

## Of a Truly Canadian Family

BY COROLYN COX

TODAY Wing Officer Willa Walker is a topflight Staff Officer attached to R.C.A.F. Headquarters, Ottawa. Air Vice Marshal J. A. Sully, Air Member for Personnel, has several staff officers working just under him, each in charge of one section of the general personnel job. Down the corridor into the newly finished additional wing to the Jackson Building, thrown out to house the mushrooming R.C.A.F., you find a large space railed off for the Personnel section, with private offices for the Air Vice Marshal and his Deputies, and a vast outer space where desks accommodate the various staff officers and their secretaries. The fact that Wing Officer Walker is a woman and the rest of the staff officers at neighboring desks are all men is a matter no longer rousing even comment in the Jackson Building. Her particular section of responsibility covers all those members of the R.C.A.F. who, like herself, happen to be women. Thus has Canada integrated her women within the R.C.A.F. itself, once more leading the world in taking a courageous, straightforward, sensible step in a question of organization for war of today. Wing Officer Walker heads the women of the R.C.A.F.—not a women's division *attached* to the R.C.A.F. We have thus gone a step further than either Great Britain or the United States.

Willa Walker is something quite special in women, too. She has risen to meet tragedy, responsibility and opportunity in the last terrible years with courage, balance and competence that mark Canadian women as worthy counterparts for the gallant young men who are saving our freedom.

Born Wilhelmina Magee, she is the daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Allan Angus Magee, and was raised in Montreal, though Col. Magee slipped down there from Ontario, where his father had been a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and an old soldier of the Fenian Raid.

It is worth a moment's pause to observe the whole Magee family as such, because they are an essentially Canadian product, a little unlike the nationals of any other country, constituting one ideal type of the Canadian of the age of individual enterprise. Whatever may be the ideal type for the Socialist Age, should we move into that era in future, the Magees about hit high-water level for the present scheme of things. Both Col. and Mrs. Magee were brought up to expect a lot of themselves, and they have expected a lot of their two daughters and one son. The Colonel is a lawyer, and a topflight business executive, succeeded the late Sir Robert Borden as President of Barclay's Bank Limited and Barclay's Trust Co. Ltd. with Layton Ralston, now the Hon. Minister of National Defence, sitting under him as a director, etc.

All the way through his business life, Col. Magee expected to pay attention to the lives of fellow-citizens round him in his community, took on the burden of everything from Boys' Farm and Training Schools to the C.O.T.C. at McGill. Mrs. Magee shouldered the women's public services, from Red Cross to V.O.N. and many other social agencies. The children came along in the same track. They all assume they will do whatever needs doing in their community. They are all intensely democratic, which for them means not at all back-slapping, but always with a touch of dignity which Canadians like to feel, they make personal friends of all sorts and kinds of people. It isn't a theory—it is their way of life.

Willa Magee Walker at thirty has had an all-round development quite beyond the scope of most of the young women with whom she was reared in Montreal. After beginning in "Miss Gascoigne's," now the Study School, she matriculated at King's Hall, Compton. Col. Magee, believing all residents of Quebec Province ought to be able to converse well in French and understand the background of their native Province, then sent her over to Paris to live *en pension*, acquire the history of the art, literature and philosophy of France. Directly she arrived back in Montreal, she "came out," an experience which might well have ended her development and there would be no story. But not so with the Magees. Two years of parasitic pleasure was all young Willa could stomach. In 1934, after brushing up with a secretarial course, she signed on as postmistress on an Empress of Britain world cruise, went forth to see places.

### "Receptionist" Job

Willa's job was pretty nice work, and father gave her a few letters of introduction here and there which painted the lily, up to a point. Important to her future was one to the late Sir Herbert Marler, then Canadian Minister to Tokyo. When the Empress docked in Japan, Willa visited the Marlers at the Legation.

Back in Montreal after this expansive experience, Willa got down to a real job in which she had her first taste of standing on the other side of the social picture in the Montreal atmosphere. She became secretary and "receptionist" at the Norman Studios, a firm which includes Associated Screen News. Her job included going out with camera men to achieve photographs of weddings, children, debutantes, celebrities. She found out a lot about human nature off its guard that a debutante is likely to miss! After a year and a half of this, her reaction to reading of Sir Herbert's appointment as Minister to Washington was prompt and effectual. She at once cabled Lady Marler in Tokyo suggesting that if she wanted a social secretary in Washington, Willa would like to be it. She got the job.

Being social secretary to Lady Marler meant living for two years rather as an adopted daughter of the Canadian Minister, but working very hard indeed at the job. The discipline of having to remember faces and supply the right names immediately, to subordinate your small personal likes and dislikes, to keep your wits about you in a continual succession of official gatherings of every description, to act as hostess, as she so often did, for Lady Marler, was an excellent work-out for her present post. But two years of it was enough. At the end of that time she gracefully withdrew from Washington, turning over her post to her equally competent, successful and charming sister Nora.

During the summer of 1937, the entire Magee family "did" Canada, children piled into the Ford with Mother, and drove twelve thousand miles out to the West Coast, back via California and through the U.S., staying in tourist camps, eating at roadside stands, seeing not only the grand landscapes but the people who made each community. In the summer of '38, all the Magee children went bicycling, Nora and Allan in Europe, Willa through Ireland.

Came a year at home in Montreal for Willa, but not much loafing. She is a good sportswoman, enjoyed skiing with the Penguin Ski Club, but spent most of her time working for the Verdun Family Welfare organization, dealing with the miserable problems of relief of those days.

### War Ends Honeymoon

Col. Magee was then Honorary Aid to the late Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada. Under parental pressure Willa came to Ottawa on the occasion of a Drawing Room at which father officiated, met John Buchan's active aide, Scot Captain David Walker, married him the following July. That was the year 1939, and the Walkers were only three days back from a honeymoon in Scotland when war broke out. Captain Walker returned to Scotland to join his regiment, the Black Watch. Willa followed along later. After Dunkirk, at St. Valerie the entire surviving Black Watch was surrounded and captured by the Nazis. In June 1941, Capt. Walker was listed for three months as missing, before Willa heard that he was alive and a prisoner of War. Meantime, Willa came back to Canada in time for the birth of her son in November 1940, and the baby only lived till February 1941.

"Wings for Britain" was the first war job Willa took on in Montreal, when J. W. McConnell started the fund that sent money for Spitfires. Then she personally set up what became the Canadian Prisoners of War Association, gathering to her the wives and families of all men who shared the fate of her husband, setting about writing letters, sending parcels to those prisoners who might have no nearest and dearest to supply them with courage from outside. The organization is now a flourishing going concern.

In October 1941 Willa Walker joined the first 150 A.W. 2's that went into the R.C.A.F., took her basic training at Number 6 Manning Depot, Toronto, was afterward commissioned Assistant Section Officer. She became a Staff Officer at No. 1 Training Command in Toronto. In January 1942 she was put in charge of the women at Number 7 Manning Depot, Rockcliffe. Under her this depot was expanded to be the centre where all the women who join the Air Force begin. During the four months she was there, numbers expanded fourfold.

Wing Officer Crowther came over from England to set up our initial "WAAFS," which were soon abandoned as a separate entity, in favor of the present arrangement of women fully integrated with the men. When Wing Officer Crowther returned to England, Squadron Officer K. Walker took over, and when Squadron Officer K. Walker was sent to head the women of the R.C.A.F. in England, Wing Officer Willa Walker came to her present post in Ottawa. She also sits on a number of those Ottawa Committees that wear the men down, one of her most important being the Rehabilitation Committee.

Officers' training for the R.C.A.F. is alike for men and women. A further course in Administration is taken together, so that on inspection at this school it is quite on the cards to see a squadron of men march past with a female Flight Commander or Adjutant.

Wing Officer Walker never stays long at a time in Ottawa. Her life is a succession of Inspection trips to stations all over Canada, and they say at Headquarters there isn't another staff officer—the rest as we said are males—who turns in a better report. Hers are well organized overhauls of twenty or thirty headings about which her chief requested information, and if something is wrong on a station, he seldom has to hear about it—she just puts it right and that is that. Father Magee, as everyone should know, for three years as Executive Assistant gave his old friend Col. Ralston staunch help and advice in National Defence Department that was invaluable. Brother Allan has stood out as a competent officer in the battle of Sicily. Canada owes much to such families.

# DEAR MR. EDITOR

## Sterilization as Race Policy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN A great red-brick building adjoining the Diamond Exchange in Amsterdam, German surgeons are now deliberately carrying out laboratory experiments in scientific race murder.

In this building—once a famous philanthropic institution — between 300 and 400 Jewish males await their turn for sterilization. A large number of operations, according to carefully authenticated evidence now in the possession of the Dutch Government in London, have already been performed.

It was upon this evidence that the Dutch Catholic bishops, Protestant ministers, and leaders of the Reformed Church in Holland wrote their horrified letter of protest to the German Reich Commissioner Seyss-Inquart.

Here are the facts, according to information received by the Dutch government:—

Hitler has determined on the scientific extermination of all Dutch Jews.

All Jewish males in Holland between the ages of 16 and 60 have been or are threatened with deportation to special concentration camps in Poland. Here their fate is a lingering death by starvation or ruthless extinction in lethal gas-chambers.

Jewish males who have contracted childless marriages with non-Jewish wives are offered the grim choice of sterilization as an alternative to deportation and death.

The Jews who accept this alternative are assembled in the concentration camp at Westerbork and are then removed in batches to the Jewish hospital on Wesperzuy-street, in the heart of Amsterdam's diamond industry.

The total number of Jews marked for sterilization is not known, but it may run into thousands.

Dutch Jews who are fathers of children by non-Jewish wives are not affected by the sterilization order.

In occupied Poland the Germans have carried their ruthless test-tube theories of race control a stage further. I learn that the Polish Government in London has definite information that in the notorious prison camp at Oswiecim an experimental laboratory of the Berlin Institute of Social Hygiene has been established. In cell block No. 10 of this camp German doctors are reported to be making experiments in artificial fecundation, sterilization and castration on 200 selected Jews and Jewesses.

The protest of the leaders of the Dutch Churches against the Germans' sterilization policy in Holland condemned the policy in these words:—

"Sterilization means physical and spiritual mutilation directly at variance with the Divine Commandment that we shall not dishonor, hate, wound or kill our neighbors. Sterilization means the violation of the Divine Commandment as well as human rights. It is the last consequence of the anti-Christian racial doctrine which destroys nations. . ."

Publication of the bishops' letter to Reich Commissioner Seyss-Inquart has been followed by an explosion of rage from the Dutch Nazis, whose leaders have just admitted that they were used by the Germans to repress the wave of strikes on May 1.

One organ of the Dutch S.S. troops demands that the bishops, ministers and others who support the cause of the enemies of the Dutch nation against Germany should be punished with the firing-squad.

GEORGE SLOCOMBE

### IS THE GRASS STILL GREEN IN ENGLAND?

IS THE grass still green in England?
And do the larks still sing?
Do flowers bloom round the cottage doors
When soft rains bring the Spring?

*Aye lad, the heath's a glory,*
*The winding lanes are fair;*
*The country wears the beauty, lad,*
*It did when thou wert there.*

The lasses home in England,
Oh, are their smiles as sweet
As in dreams our hearts remember?
And are their steps still fleet?

*Aye lad, glad feet will dance*
*Thee welcome sweet and passing rare;*
*Dear smiles will heal thy heartache, lad,*
*When once more thou art there!*

MARGARET C. BALCOM.

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# The Front Page

WE ARE looking forward with the profoundest interest to the first occasion on which the Wartime Prices and Trade Board will prosecute some well known and respected communicant of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church in Toronto, or Notre Dame Parish Church in Montreal, for the crime of lending or giving a quarter of a pound of coffee to a neighbor who has run out of that important and rationed commodity and is having a few friends in for bridge or euchre. So far, we understand, no such prosecution has been undertaken. But the regulation which forbids such an action exists, and has the force of law under the Wartime Emergency Powers Act; and every time Mrs. Jones or Mme. Gagnon performs such an action she is laying herself open to prosecution and conviction and the penalty of a substantial fine or a short term in the nearest jail.

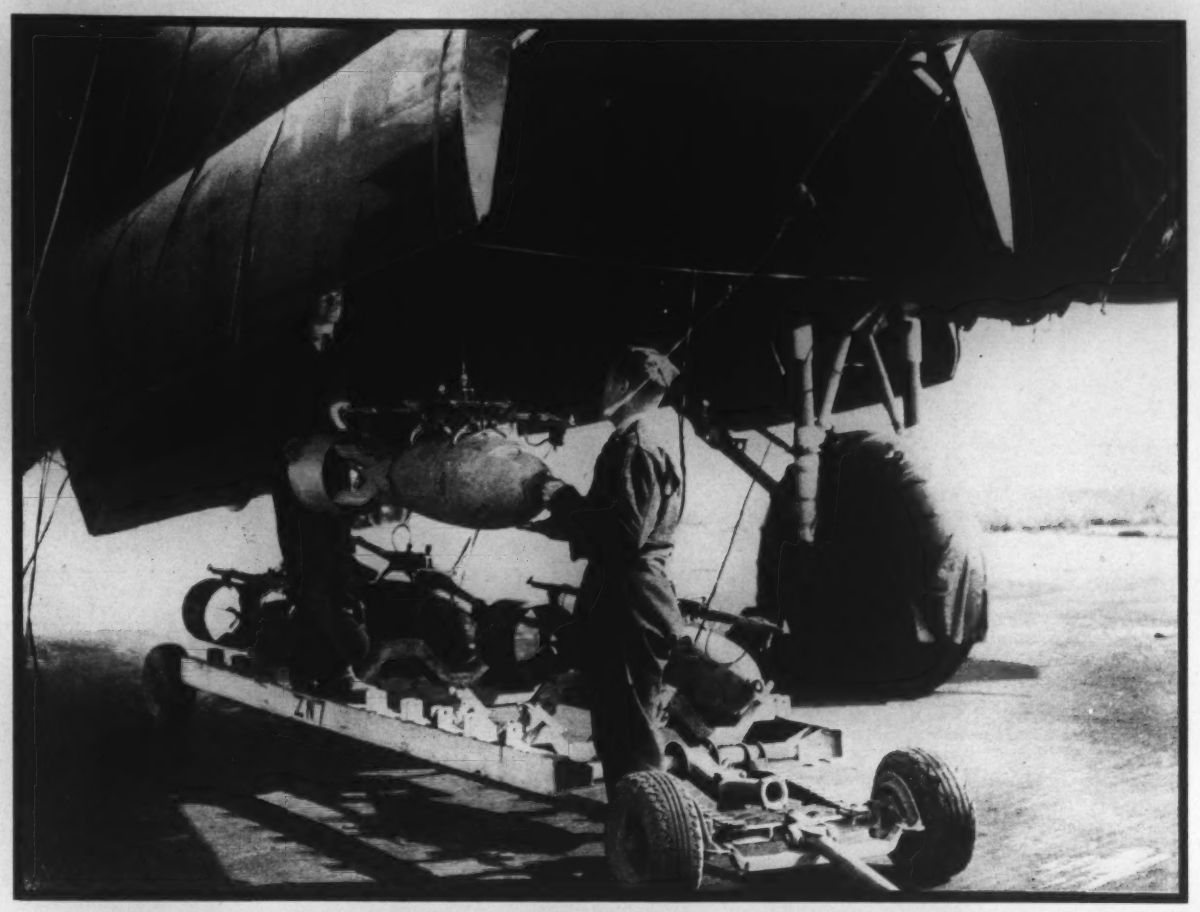
Whether the lack of prosecutions is due to the fact that nobody has ever lent or given a quarter of a pound of coffee since the regulation was—we cannot say enacted, for that is obviously not a proper term, but—authorized by the Governor-General-in-Council, or whether it is due to the fact that the WPTB is exercising great discretion in its prosecutions we do not know. Probably the regulation is something like the Keep Off the Grass signs in the parks, intended not so much to prevent a single small boy from running on the grass in pursuit of his ball as to prevent great numbers of people from systematically beating down a single trail from entry to exit, thus ruining the grass and spoiling the appearance of the whole park. In other words it gives the authorities the right to interfere with the prohibited practice when they think it is likely to become dangerous, while their discretion is relied upon to prevent them from haling thousands of people into court for perfectly harmless actions.

## Too Much Responsibility

ALL the same, we are not fond of these discretionary powers in the hands of officials. They give them too much responsibility. If the official likes to prosecute, conviction is automatic; the judge has no option; the regulation says that if you lend or give a quarter of a pound of coffee, a rationed commodity, you must be convicted and fined or imprisoned. It says nothing about innocent lending, as between two intimate neighbors who both belong to the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, and criminal lending as between two people who are conducting a wholesale bootleg business in coffee. The officials are supposed to prosecute only in the really dangerous cases; but their judgment as to what is a dangerous case may be defective.

Besides, if people get into the habit of ignoring these regulations because they know that their own practices are not dangerous to the safety of the state and the proper working of the rationing system they are liable to go and ignore other and more serious regulations, and wind up by ignoring a real law; for the great majority of them are much too simple-minded to distinguish between a regulation drafted by an assistant clerk in an Ottawa office and passed in thirty-five seconds by the Governor-General-in-Council, and a real law enacted after first, second and third reading and scrupulous amendment by two hundred and forty members of Parliament and all the Senators who are still awake.

Hence it is our earnest hope that the moment such action becomes possible, and without the slightest regard to the feelings or the vested interests of the officials concerned, each and every one of these regulations will be withdrawn by the Governor-General-in-Council without waiting for the abolition of the whole lot of them by the expiry of the Wartime Emergency Powers Act—an event which may be long delayed. If the CCF, as it probably will, wants more rather than less of this sort of thing when it gets into power, let it have the responsibility of enacting it all by itself.



**R.A.F. bombers like this Lancaster are still digging out invasion paths by air toward Axis Europe. When these bomb doors open again, tons of bombs will crash upon industrial targets in Germany. Besides these 500 pounders the plane carries a 4,000 pound block-buster and a load of incendiaries.**

Let it not be able to say: "Look, this is nothing but what your late capitalistic Government left us, after keeping it in force for two years after the war came to an end. Who are you to talk to us about regimentation?"

## Case of Conscience

WE HOPE that Mr. Justice Wilfrid Lazure was not really expressing what is in his mind when he stated last week (as reported in the Montreal *Star*) that "You could give me ten thousand reasons to justify 'conscientious objection' and I would not accept one of them." The remark was not part of a judgment, and we regret that it was uttered, or at any rate that it got into the headlines, because it may cause some of our treat-'em-rough advocates to conclude that there is nothing in the law to require judges to consider the claim of conscientious objection, which there certainly is.

The learned judge was merely hearing an appeal from a sentence already pronounced on a Witness of Jehovah for refusal to obey orders after being drafted. The claim of the Witnesses to be treated as conscientious objectors is, we suspect, pretty slim, as the law provides that conscientious objectors must be such in virtue of membership in a religious body which teaches abstinence from warfare; the Witnesses are an unlawful association in Canada, so that membership in their body cannot be pleaded. They present a very difficult problem, because they unquestionably agitate and proselytize against the bearing of arms in the present war. Some of them are doubtless sincere in their belief, in which case the state is subjecting them to martyrdom by penalizing them for putting it into action. But the martyrdom of a year in jail, to which Mr. Justice Lazure eventually reduced the penitentiary sentence of the young man in question, does not seem excessive in view of the danger to the state which is constituted by an actively propagandist body like the Witnesses. There is all the difference in the world between them and, for example, the Quakers, who do not feel obligated to try to convert the world to their beliefs by any other means than the force of their example.

# Sir John Wins His Seat

BY MILDRED LOW

MRS. O'REILLY bustled about,
Apron awry and touzled hair,
Serving her evening customers.
It was market day in Kingston town—
Half the county seemed to be there—
And the farmers held, without a doubt,
There was no better eating-place than hers.
So they gathered to hear the election news,
Discussing which candidate they'd choose.
"Sure," said she, "ye'll vote for Sir John."

"Indeed, I'm none so certain of that,"
Farmer Gamble expressed his views.
"They tell me, over in Barriefield,
When he rose to speak he fairly reeled.
Drinkin' too much and that's no news.
A sober man is the one I'll choose."

"Lies!" she said. "Them dirty Grits!
What wouldn't they do to blacken his name?
And him the very soul of truth.
But he'll win the election just the same.
The way you talk is a fair disgrace.
An' you needn't come snoopin' about my place
Unless you're castin' a vote for Sir John.
He's the only man for Canada."

Sir John in passing stopped for a chat.
"Well, Mrs. O'Reilly, what's the news?"
"Faith an' it's easy to answer that.
You're the man that all of them choose."

"It takes a woman to sharpen the wits.
I've you to thank, that's very clear,
If I win the seat," declared Sir John.
"You never fail to stand at my back.
There's none who can better electioneer
In all the County of Frontenac."
The lady's friends set up a cheer.

"So how would you like to travel down,
When Parliament opens in Ottawa
And Lady Macdonald gets back to town,
To see the shows and the crowds they draw?"

Mrs. O'Reilly was faint with awe,
Faltering hands, adoring eyes.
It was like some beautiful dream of her youth
A little vision of Paradise.
"Sir John, you wouldn't be meanin' that?"
"But haven't you called me the soul of truth?
Now get yourself a grand new gown—
The ladies will none of them wear a hat—
And pay us a visit in Ottawa."

On the Opening Day of Parliament,
Bands all playing their lovely tunes,
The cavalcade swept up the ascent
With its escort of Princess Louise Dragoons,
Pennants fluttering, helmets a-gleam;
And Mrs. O'Reilly, as in a dream,
By Lady Macdonald sat demure
In a velvet gown with a smart coiffure.

Miles, the hair-dresser, gave a date
(The Princess' hair he had often dressed)
And he made the wives of the Ministers wait
For Lady Macdonald's honored guest.

And at all the fine affairs of state
She met and talked to the very great.
"Och," said she, "Sir John's the man.
He's the best one to have at the head.
See that ye help him all ye can.
There's nobody like Sir John," she said.

Sir John's whisper was loud and clear
As he boldly patted her arm, "My dear,
If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be here."

# Moscow Parley

See article by Commander King-Hall on page 17

## Minority Rule

THE Toronto *Telegram* takes exception to our view that the right of the present Ontario Government to hold office ought to be authenticated by a sitting of the Legislature at the earliest convenient opportunity, and maintains that it is already fully authenticated by the fact that the outgoing Government recommended the Lieutenant-Governor to call on Mr. Drew to form a Government. Even if this fact relieves the Lieutenant-Governor of all responsibility for the decision—as to which we are extremely doubtful,—it merely transfers it to Mr. Nixon, which does not make us feel any more comfortable, no matter how consoling it may be to the *Telegram*.

But we are greatly surprised at the *Telegram's* attitude in the whole business, because unless it is extremely careful that newspaper will cut itself out of all possibility of using a position which it is exceedingly likely to need after the next Dominion election. Let us suppose, for example, that as a result of that election, whenever it occurs, the French-speaking delegation is a solid block of independents, owing no allegiance to any leader outside of themselves; that Mr. King and Mr. Bracken, or Mr. King and Mr. Coldwell as the case may be, have an approximately equal number of adherents, say seventy apiece, and that Mr. Coldwell or Mr. Bracken as the case may be have the rest. In that event Mr. King will unquestionably advise the Governor General that he, Mr. King, has the best prospect of being able to form a Government which can carry on. According to the *Telegram's* present argument, Mr. King will in that case be perfectly entitled to administer the affairs of the Dominion without a sitting of Parliament for as long as suits his convenience, just as Mr. Drew is, according to the same paper, entitled to administer the affairs of the province without a sitting of the Legislature. But we shall be immeasurably surprised if the *Telegram* takes any such view of *that* situation.

## A Neutral Quebec?

A SUBSTANTIAL proportion of the population of Quebec, it now appears, has no use for the participation of Canada in the present war, on the ground that the territory of Canada is not endangered and there is no reason for Canada spending either money or human life in a war which does not threaten her territory. They consider that the entry of Canada into the war was actually brought about by the misguided actions of Canadians of other than French origin who felt that Canada should "stand by England" in the hour of danger, an obligation which the element we are discussing does not admit to exist.

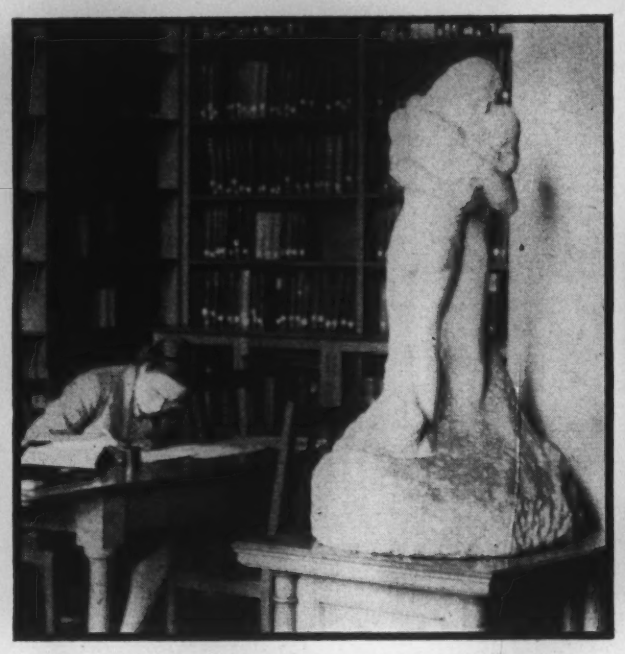
This is not a state of mind which can be altered by argument, so that it is impossible to avoid the painful situation of having within the country a large and important element, acutely conscious of its minority position, which has to pay heavy taxes for the carrying on of a war of which it fundamentally disapproves. That this situation would have been made vastly more painful if this same element had also been compelled to participate in the fighting of that same war seems obvious to a good many of us, though there are others who maintain that if the French-Canadians had been compelled to fight they would have become more sympathetic towards the war.

This element of the population looks with a jealous eye upon the neutrality of Eire, and asks why the same neutrality is impossible here. Now it is quite obvious that a self-governing nation, a large majority of whose people want to participate in a war, cannot be kept from participating, no matter whether the reasons actuating that majority are sound or not. The only way in which the French-Cana-

(*Continued on page* 5)

# Oxford Women Students "Carry On" in Wartime

Leaving Lady Margaret Hall's main entrance, students in flying Academic robes start off to lectures on their bicycles.



The war seems far removed from this quiet corner of the Library. It contains 21,000 volumes.

Outdoors however, much of the lawn has been dug up and vegetables planted. The girls run these wartime gardens.

At noon, the dining hall sees more than 200 undergraduates gathered about the long refectory tables.

IN BRITAIN the question of what students should do in wartime has this time been clearly and definitely answered. The Government wants them to continue their courses—for it will take all the science and training the Universities can provide to cope with the tremendous problems of the years to come after the war. The completing of academic training has, of course, also the more immediate purpose of filling posts created through the war and manageable only by trained men or women.

This applies especially to women who are taking an ever increasing share in responsible jobs. Graduates of the four women's colleges in Oxford are officers in the Services and hold high posts in the Civil Service; others who have taken up social work as Hospital Almoners, Welfare Supervisors or Youth Leaders have great opportunities in wartime for interesting and valuable occupations; those with special language qualifications have posts in the Censorship and with the B.B.C.

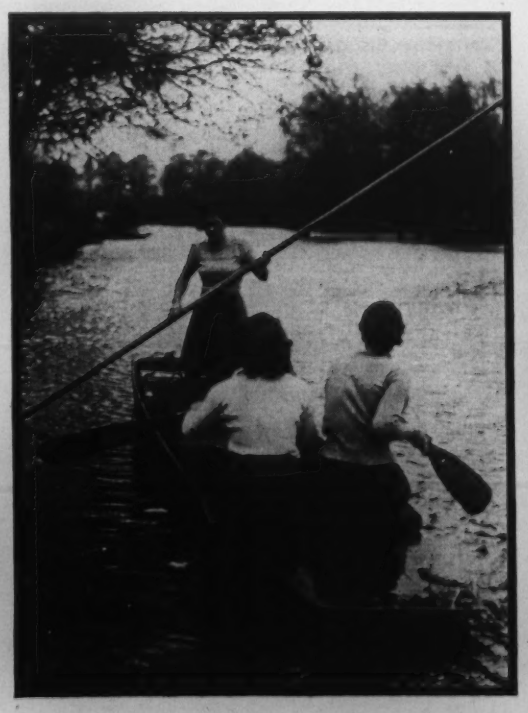
Lady Margaret Hall, founded in 1878, is the oldest of the women's Colleges in Oxford. It has a beautiful site on the edge of the University Parks, with grounds and playing fields bordered by the river Cherdwell. The central block of buildings was built between 1896 and 1926 while the Chapel and the Deneke Building containing the dining-hall, were added in 1932.

Almost all the 160 undergraduates live in the College throughout their three years. Women undergraduates at Oxford are full members of the University. They go to the same lectures as the men and these are held mostly in University buildings in the town or at the men's Colleges, but their weekly tutorials, at which they read essays to their tutors, are held in the "The Hall" (as students call Lady Margaret Hall). They wear gowns like men, but different caps. They do much of their reading at their own spacious and valuable Library, and they work either in one of the Common rooms or in their own simple but comfortable study-bedrooms. At the end of their course they take an Honours examination and their B.A. degree is conferred by the Vice-Chancellor in the Sheldonian or the Divinity School.

While punting, tennis and cricket still go on in leisure hours, women students have not escaped the harsh demands of the war. Students must take their share of A.R.P. duties and fire squads do work on a rotation system. The girls also run the useful vegetable gardens which formerly held flower beds in the grounds.

Oxford has seen a noticeable revival of religious feeling. In the chapel, a student reads the lesson.

Students still play cricket at Oxford . .



. . And punts drift lazily on the Cherdwell . .

. . but all must take turns at fire watching . .

. . and the girls look after their own rooms.

# THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page 3*)

dians of Quebec can ensure themselves neutrality in any similar situation in the future is by separating themselves from Confederation. If Quebec were a separate self-governing Dominion it could be as neutral as Eire, provided that the United States was willing to allow it to, which it would not be as soon as the American people themselves became embroiled in the war. Considerations of hemisphere defence would then immediately necessitate the use of Quebec as part of the military system of the continent.

The neutrality of Quebec, while the rest of Canada was at war and the United States was also neutral, would obviously create an impossible military situation, for Ontario and the West could then reach the Atlantic for belligerent purposes only by way of Hudson Bay. The question therefore arises, could an arrangement be made between Canada and the proposed independent Quebec, whereby some "corridor" rights of access to the Atlantic could be preserved to Ontario and the West? Examination of the map suggests that the corridor might be almost wholly confined to the south shore of the St. Lawrence, by crossing the river somewhat higher up than Montreal. The idea is at least no more fantastic than the Laurentia of which we so often read in Quebec Nationalist publications, and which is even extended by some of their writers to include a considerable piece of the United States —acquired, one presumes, by peaceful means. Discussion of it may serve to remind us that the right to neutrality can only be purchased at a price. In the case of Eire it was the partition of Ireland. (Eire would probably by now be a German possession if Northern Ireland had not shared in the resistance against Germany.) In the case of Quebec it would be something else.

We hasten to add that nothing could be further from our desires than such a partition, and that we believe it would be gravely detrimental to the economic interests and cultural life of both sections. But both in war and in peace the conditions of national life in this mid-twentieth-century age demand a closer integration, a greater concentration of power in the central authority, than was the case in 1867. And if this integration is distasteful to Quebec but is desired by the rest of Canada, some means of resolving the problem will have to be sought for.

*Our readers will be interested to learn that Yousuf Karsh, the Ottawa photographer whose admirable work is constantly appearing in this magazine, has been granted the privilege of photographing His Majesty the King and has obtained several extremely interesting studies of him. The best of these will appear in* SATURDAY NIGHT *as soon as Mr. Karsh returns from England. He has had sittings also from the heads of several of the Governments-in-Exile and from a large number of the most prominent personages in world affairs, many of which will also appear in these columns.*

*Willson Woodside's "Hitler War" does not appear in this issue. Mr. Woodside is on a short vacation.*

## The Fifth Loan

THE editorial department of this journal is glad to contribute, for the second time, the most valuable space at its disposal, the Front Page, to the war effort of the Finance Department of Canada, for the promotion of the Fifth Victory Loan. Our readers will be in no doubt as to why we desire the complete success of that operation. They know it to be our profound conviction that, unless the financial needs of the government, so far as they exceed the yield of current taxation, can be supplied out of the savings of the people—and kept supplied out of those savings until the borrowings can be repaid,—there is no possibility of Canada's avoiding a serious inflation, with all the profoundly disturbing and unjust consequences that that implies.

Some may wonder that so grave a task as that of preventing inflation has to be left, in a country like Canada, to the voluntary self-denial (or at least self-control) of individual citizens. The explanation is simple. The extent to which each individual can properly be called on to contribute to this effort is known to himself alone. Compulsion can be used only to obtain that minimum rate of contribution which all persons of similar income and resources could bear; and if nothing more than that rate were forthcoming the subscriptions would fall far short of the need. The individual knows to what extent he *can* cut down his expenditures and increase his savings; the tax-collector knows only his income.

You, gentle reader, know how much you can save out of your income for the next six months. It will do no great harm if you put yourself down for a little more than that; you might find that you could do a little more than you suspected.

"SOON... THEY'RE COMING!"

## Quebec and Power

IT IS to be hoped, for the good of Canada as a whole as well as of the Province of Quebec itself, that the Government of that province will do nothing of an arbitrary or high-handed nature in connection with its announced intention (1) to force a reduction in rates of Montreal Light, Heat & Power Consolidated, and (2) to introduce legislation empowering it to expropriate the company. Any evidence that Mr. Godbout's Government was going to use its powers to have an inequitably low valuation placed on Montreal Power's assets and undertakings would undoubtedly strengthen the conservative elements striving to restrain the general drift toward adoption of socialistic practices in government. This in itself might not be bad, but the feelings of the anti-socialists would be embittered and the chances of reaching peaceful compromises in later disputes lessened. And, of course, there is the matter of foreign investment in Canada to be considered. A country which has been developed so largely by United States and British capital, and which will certainly want much more of this capital to develop the new avenues of expansion arising out of the war, cannot afford to permit the existence of any suggestion that it treats the owners of capital unfairly.

The Public Service Board of the Province of Quebec, which Premier Godbout says has found "fictitious values" in its appraisal of Montreal Power, is, after all, a creation of the Government of that province. It would be more reassuring if the examination were made by an impartial authority, possessing, of course, the proper technical qualifications.

## Empire Digest

THE Empire Digest, a new pocket-size monthly published at Toronto by an organization called Empire Information, should be both useful and interesting if its October issue affords adequate ground for prediction. It is fortunate in having for its chief article the notable speech of Premier Drew on "Canada and the Empire," with its thesis that the "larger fellowship" of the English-speaking nations as a whole "will not be effective unless we first have basic agreements within the British Empire itself," and its fine conclusion: "We have learned the dreadful penalty of national indecision. Those of us who have it in our power can perform no greater service than to impress upon the minds of all our people the conviction that in the days to come it will be best that we remain citizens of a great Empire." Canadians should indeed have learned the penalty of national indecision, but it is possible to be less sure than Mr. Drew that they actually have; and such periodicals as the *Empire Digest* may help them to make up their minds to something a little more positive after half a century devoted to perpetual negatives.

Another important article is "If This Be Tyranny" by W. J. Hinton, a brilliant British civil servant now in British Information in New York. Addressed primarily to the Americans, this article is as good a summing up of the character of the Empire—including the Commonwealth—as we have seen. The one-time colonies of Britain now free from her control "have chosen to remain associated by a symbolic crown and by the habit of concerted action and consultation. They are permanent, informal allies by choice, instinct and inclination." Readers of both the Drew article and the Hinton article will probably feel that the habit of concerted action might be a little more systematic, and the alliance might be a little more formal without risk of becoming less permanent.

## Modest Journalist

THE retirement of Mr. Paul Bilkey from the editorial chair of the Montreal *Gazette* brings to an end a long and distinguished career in journalism about which the public has known singularly little. In a country offering greater scope for the more specialized kinds of journalism, Mr. Bilkey might easily have won a high personal repute as a wit and a satirist. The editorial columns of a Montreal morning daily afford only a limited opportunity for that kind of achievement, and practically no chance for personal fame. The consciousness of a job well done and the approval of a small circle of discerning friends are all that the *Gazette* offers, and with these Mr. Bilkey, a modest man, has been well content. Some of the discerning friends would have liked to see him obtain more.

That the *Gazette*, while pretty constantly engaged in fighting a delaying rearguard action in defence of the retreating forces of things-as-they-are, has managed at the same time to maintain a consistently interesting editorial page is almost wholly due to the skill and agility of the editor, fortified by an immense fund of knowledge of human nature and of the special fortes and foibles of Canadian politicians. He has already done one book on this latter subject, and we hope he will do another in his newly acquired leisure.

# THE PASSING SHOW

THE latest speech of Generalissimo Franco says that his regime has always carried on "a purely Spanish tradition." Sure; inviting Germans and Italians in to overthrow the home government is just another old Spanish custom.

•

No, Muriel, staying home from church won't help the coal conservation campaign one little bit.

•

**Children's Allowances**

The precious little babies
We always did adore;
But now they're little dough-boys
We'd like to have some more.

•

Montreal police arrested a man with $382.50 worth of gum in his possession. Presumably the charge was biting off more than he could chew.

•

Staid English people in the London dance halls complain that the jitterbugging of American soldiers gets them all bruised up. They should have been warned by the words of the song, "Beat me, Daddy, eight to the bar!"

•

Teachers in convention in Montreal advocated a "closed shop" in their profession. Resulting elation among pupils seems to have been based on a misunderstanding.

•

We hope the Brockville police took a wheelchair as well as handcuffs when they went after the man who broke out of their jail the other day. One needs a little consideration when one reaches the age of seventy.

•

Sir Thomas Beecham says the CBC is weak. Well, it is only held together with tax.

•

**Lament of Another Mary**

Did you ever consider, when choosing a name,
You choose the recipient's chances for fame?
There's more than appears in a person's cognomen;
It may be good luck, or a very bad omen.

A Christian name must not be chosen at random;
If a boy is called Launcelot, no-one can stand 'im.
And if she's a girl, I beg you, be wary;
The last name to choose is that old-fashioned Mary.

Poor Mary of Scotland no doubt did her best
But was hounded all over the country with zest.
Her life was a mess, till Elizabeth said:
"She's only a Mary, so off with her head!"

Remember wee Mary of the Sands of Dee.
The wind was dank, and alone went she.
If her name had been Evelyn I will avow
She'd have been with a boy-friend instead of a cow.

Some folks have a motto with family crest,
Like Semper Fidelis, or Honesty's Best;
If *we* ever had one we don't care to pursue it,
For the family slogan is "Mary will do it."

When we've four nice cakes, and there's five for tea,
Who goes without?—You guessed it,—Me.
In heaven a wreath upon my brow?
Shucks! I want sweetheart roses *now*.

So if naming a baby should fall to your lot,
Remember to christen her something that's "hot."
You want a real glamour girl, I've no doubt,
So just keep in mind that "Mary" is out.

MARY STIRLING

•

A recent Sunday was Kindness-to-Animals Day, and so far as we can find out it was not promoted by the people who want a soft peace for Germany.

•

We shan't have to bother much about punishing the Italians for having joined with the Germans. The Germans are doing it for us.

•

**Father's Song**

Hush, little baby, don't you cry.
You'll get your nine bucks back by-and-by.
Just watch that horsey burn up the track.
All your allowance is right on his back.

•

In plumping for Tito and against Mikhailovitch we admit that we are influenced a good deal by ease of spelling and pronunciation.

•

All that Canadians need to become "rich encugh to justify a reasonable contentment," says Mr. P. C. Armstrong, is ambition, energy, honesty and thrift. But this was in a luncheon speech, and he didn't tell us how to get ambition, energy, honesty and thrift.

# Is There a French Canadian Nation?

BY FRANCIS X. CHAUVIN

**To most English-speaking Canadians the term "nation" is approximately equivalent to "state" and implies a political entity. This is not the way in which it is used by the French Canadians when they talk of a French Canadian nation, and the term does not in their use of it imply any separation from the larger and composite English-and-French "Canadian nation." But the extension of this idea by the Abbé Groulx and the Bloc Populaire, who teach that the French Canadian nation "should constitute a 'sovereign personality'," does involve something of a problem.**

**Mr. Chauvin is a French Canadian who lives in Windsor, Ont., where there is a large and ancient settlement of French Canadians. He is a well-informed student of Canadian and international affairs, and his articles have frequently appeared in these columns.**

ANY encyclopaedia will tell you what is meant by Nation. But a 'cyclo is a very cold book, few consult it—and only for reference. The dictionary is also an indispensable adjunct in one's private library, but it, too, is a frigid volume; its function is that of an auxiliary. Therefore it becomes necessary at times, in order to fully appreciate the value of words, to go beyond mere definitions, to make delicate distinctions, and to give relief to the essential implications which a word contains.

To determine definitely whether or not there exists a French Canadian *Nation*, one needs set out the difference in meaning between such words as *People, Race, Country*. Yet there is no necessity here for extreme precision, so long as there is no room for utter confusion. The task is to arrive at definite conclusions, based on indisputable principles, in full harmony with science and experience, and attainable by the normal conditions of present civilization.

Briefly, a *people* is a multitude of human beings inhabiting the same country and living under the same political authority. Thus we have the Canadian people, the Anglo-Canadian people, and the French Canadian people. The word *race*—a much abused term—should be applied only to the great primitive species of mankind: white, yellow, red, black and brown. By extension, the word *race* may be employed to describe peoples according to intellectual and moral distinctions of language and customs: Celtic, German, Latin, Slavic, and so on, which inhabit Europe.

A *Country* is a geographical region, a physical territory. The word does not imply habitation, or social life, or political organism. The Sahara Desert is as truly a country as Canada, though uninhabited. A *Nation*, by contrast, is a collection of human beings emanating from the same race, inhabiting the same territory, and bound together by the similarity of language, traditions, culture, and common ideals. To these elements constituting a nation might be added religion, soil, civilization and economy, but the definition would not thereby be strengthened.

## Really a Nation?

From the above premises, many argue that the French Canadian people *really* constitute a nation with clearly distinctive characteristics. In the first place, all French Canadians, wherever they may be, are descendants of the same race—the French race. However, the Canadian Frenchman is vastly different from the European Frenchman. The 60,000 French who remained in Canada after the British conquest of 1760 were already a people quite distinct from their ancestors of the Motherland. One hundred and fifty years of a life of hardships, exploring the vastnesses of a land as large as an empire, hewing forests and carving homes under the constant threat of the aborigines, fighting recurring wars against the natives or the English of New England, organizing a social and civil life suited to the exigencies of place and climate, languishing under the indifference and neglect of the mother country—all this had materially altered the original characteristics and the general outlook and mode of life of the French colonists. They had become another type, another species, so to speak.

These changes were markedly accentuated when the British took possession of the country after the Seven Years' War. The whole social life of the French of Canada was upset by the attempts of the conquerors at ostracism in respect of the family traditions and religious liberties, as well as in respect of the civil privileges and the mother tongue, of the conquered. The reaction of the inhabitants of the land was to develop a strong consciousness of their ethnical personality, which they swore to preserve. Their attitude was one of resistance to any change in religious discipline and in civil and political practices. Out of this struggle there emerged a new intellectual

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PARIS GARTERS—"FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS

vitality which manifested itself by the establishment of an autonomous school system and by the spontaneous generation of a literature quite free from French influence and therefore characterized by its originality. Another racial type was born: the *French Canadian*. The Canadians of French origin were no longer an agglomeration of Frenchmen living in Canada but a collectivity of "Canadians" speaking the French language.

On the question of the inhabiting of the same territory as a condition of any people to be called a nation, the argument of the nationalists aims at no philosophical or geographical definition. In the case of the French Canadians they hold that French Canada comprises any corner of the country where lives and grows an organized group of French Canadians, "heirs to the same past,—interested in the same problems, moved by the same supreme aspirations and sustained by the hope of the same national survival." For them, the French Canadian cantons in the provinces outside Quebec are forces participating in the collectiveness despite the distances, and being bound to the central source by the will to live "nationally". From which one must infer that race, history and volition are factors which supersede the idea of territory. In support of this contention they point to the Poland of old which continued to be regarded as a nation, despite the slicing of her territories into parcels under foreign domination.

French Canadians a Nation? Consider, apart from the above factors, the similarity of language, of traditions, of culture, of common ideals. This is the invitation of the nationalists to the advocates of Canadian unity, that is: the harmonization of the genius and resources of the two great races, thus forming the great "Canadian Nation", worthy of world recognition and deserving of an honored place in the councils of nations.

### Nation Within Nation

That the French Canadians possess the requisites that constitute a *nation* is denied by no one. According to the 1941 census there are 3,354,743 French-speaking citizens in Canada. Of these 1,172,897 speak both French and English, leaving 2,181,846 who speak French only. The editor of SATURDAY NIGHT (see "The Canadian Peoples", p. 7 *et ss.*) regards the expansion of the French colonists from 55,009 in 1754 (census of that year) into more than three millions "in less than two centuries . . . under the government of people of another race," as "one of the marvels of the world's history".

The fact is then that there exists in Canada a nation within a nation—the French Canadian nation within the Canadian nation. This, at least, is the theory of the Quebec nationalists, now politically represented by the Bloc Populaire. There is, perhaps, nothing anomalous about this, but what may be regarded as a problem is that a substantial proportion of the "French-Canadian nation" believes and teaches that that "nation" should constitute itself a "sovereign personality". The Groulx, the Chaloults and the Raymonds are far more numerous in Quebec than is generally assumed. For about fifty years the province of Quebec has been overwhelmingly Liberal, not because of the policies of the Liberal Party, but because, in its eyes, the Liberalism of Laurier and King represented a movement of evolution towards political independence. The belief in Quebec is that the Anglo-Saxon majority in Canada aims almost unanimously at imperialism, whereas the Franco-Canadian minority is irreducibly autonomist. This belief has begotten the conviction, in large sections of Quebec, that racial differences and habits of life totally opposite tend "to create in Canada two peoples definitely separated by geography and ideals, two States of society as diverse as can possibly be" (Groulx). Didn't the former Premier of Quebec, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, say on April 17, 1922: "We are at the present time at the crossing of the roads: the *status quo* or the rupture of the federative bond, annexation to the United States or independence", with emphasis on "independence"?

The French Canadians of Quebec are one of the most homogeneous peoples that can be found anywhere. It is, therefore, not surprising that we should witness occasionally outward manifestations of an inward desire for a distinct national and independent life. The nationalist propagandists of Quebec maintain that the last word of any political cosmogony is to be found in that instinct of conservation and security which places the national patrimony beyond the reach of outside tutelage.

However, in the opinion of this writer, there is little to fear from the nationalistic teaching. The spirit of "bonne entente" is spreading with amazing rapidity in Quebec. The adoption, lately, of compulsory education, and the encouragement now given to the teaching of English in the schools of Quebec are only threads in the "Canadian" thought. Quebec—"nation" or not—is loyal to the realm.

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We've yet to win this bitter race.
Although we have them on the run . . .
*He* still is fighting Jap and Hun.
Keep on the job with might and main . . .
LEND . . . so you'll soon clasp hands again.

*This advertisement published in the interests of Canada's Fifth Victory Loan by Shaw & Begg Limited and Associated Companies.*


# THE OTTAWA LETTER

## Can't Plan Foreign Trade Details Now

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

EXTERNAL trade is such a heavily weighted component of Canada's economic index that Ottawa would be guilty of dereliction of duty if it were not making some preparations for the reconversion of this trade from a war to a peace basis. And private enterprise would be slothful indeed and inexcusably negligent of its own and the nation's interests if it were not concerned about these preparations.

Manufacturers and other producers and exporters can go just so far in promoting export trade for themselves; after that a sort of partnership between them and the government is necessary. It is the government's business to promote good relations between Canada and the countries which have the export markets, to help Canadian enterprise to exploit these markets by suitable tariff policies and trade treaties, and by trade promotion facilities such as legations, consular offices, trade commissioners and a commercial intelligence service. Labor and other policies of the government may also influence external trade.

But private enterprise is reflecting on its own intelligence if, as seems to be implied in the resolutions its various organizations are passing and in the representations they are making from time to time to the government, it assumes either that the government is wholly indifferent to and inactive about post-war trade or that it can formulate a whole set of trade policies and plans at this time.

### Ottawa Active

Perhaps Ottawa is not doing all it could or should do in this matter against the return of peace, but even that is problematical because Ottawa, any more than London or Washington, is not telling what it is doing. Anyone taking the trouble to investigate would find quite a company of alert and capable government officers and advisers giving attention and study to questions relating to post-war trade.

A number of these men were in London for some weeks this summer discussing these very matters with ministers and officials of the British government. There cannot be much doubt that to some extent at least they are discussed with agencies of the Washington government. And it could not have been without some regard for the requirements of our foreign trade that in turning over to Britain and other countries a lot of our newly built cargo ships Ottawa provided for the return of a sufficient number of them at the end of the war.

But there are some things in connection with the shaping of trade policies and plans and the setting up of trade machinery which cannot be done now and other things about which there is no hurry. Canada's policies and plans, for example, will be influenced by and will have to be adjusted to the trade policies and plans of Britain and the United States in the first place, and in the second place be fitted into the framework of world relationships and settlements to be agreed to by the United Nations after the war.

### Presenting Its Case

Ottawa may be shaping its course with a view to a system of multilateral trade agreements as opposed to bilateral agreements and unilateral policies (as we think we have reported in these letters that it is), but it can do little more now than prepare to urge such a system first upon its closest friends and associates, Britain and the United States, and next upon all the nations which will have a hand in determining the affairs of the post-war world. Until it has reasonably definite assurance whether such a system is to be subscribed to—and for this it may not have to wait for the peace conference—it cannot finalize its own policies.

Recurring representations from the business community appear to envision a return after the war to old competition and rivalry in the international trade field. There may be signs of this in some quarters, but the professed intention of nations which will have much to do with shaping world relations after the war is to assure a more equitable distribution of the resources and wealth of the world than is consistent with selfish rivalry.

Canada is a subscriber to this intention. Without any breach of faith we can take the reasonable precaution of keeping our powder dry against the possibility of the default of these noble aims, but we cannot openly proceed on the assumption that they are not going to be realized.

At the other end of the trade question manufacturing interests ask for assurance of tariff protection for their old position in the home market. But would there not be some inconsistency in advocating abroad the equitable sharing of world resources and markets for the common good of humanity and the governing of world trade of multilateral arrangement, while declaring at home for a unilateral policy for purely selfish purposes?

### World Rehabilitation

Another consideration that has to be taken into account is the share which Canada must shoulder in the relief and rehabilitation of the liberated countries of Europe and of China and to some extent of Russia. A good part of our normal trading resources will have to be allocated for this purpose. This presents a double-pronged problem. For the production which goes to meet this obligation there will be no return. These exports will have to be paid for by the treasury. They will not be paid for by imports from the countries to which they are sent, not at any rate from the devastated countries of Europe.

To pay for the goods which Canada must import and to provide revenue to help finance relief and rehabilitation exports we will have to sell as much as we can in paying markets. This is one good reason why Ottawa should be making all possible preparations for penetrating these markets after the war. Perhaps it could be arranging now for the special training of consuls and trade commissioners to this end. It might be deciding whether these should be under the jurisdiction of the Trade and Commerce Department as heretofore or under the Department of External Affairs which would give them diplomatic status in the steadily increasing number of countries with which Canada has direct diplomatic relations. There is, in fact, some reason to expect that something will be done in this connection before long.

We have presented some aspects of the post-war trade question in an attempt at a partial clarification of a matter in which there is some obliquity and confusion of approach by some elements of the community. Obviously we have not covered all the angles and doubtless have not covered adequately some that we have discussed. We will have fulfilled our intention if we have shown that the question is one that cannot be resolved with even approximate finality at this time.

Latest word from the East Block had the Cabinet still perspiring over some details of the labor relations-price ceiling decision. But the hesitation appears to be on questions of political rather than economic correctitude. For example, whether the family allowances should be coupled with the rest of the plan or given the semblance of a separate social security move. It is a matter of timing for effect. Coupled with the other features of the labor relations plan, it would be announced at the same time. Given the guise of a social security provision for the people as a whole, it would be uncovered either before or after the labor plan proper.

Should the decision be to keep it in reserve until a little later the government might consider it necessary to guard against too much disappointment on the part of organized labor by giving wage ceilings maximum flexibility consistent with loyalty to the price ceilings.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ?
By Ti-Jos
No. 20
NO RATIONING OF THESE BABIES, EH ?
NO! THAT'S ONE WAY THIS WAR'S DIFFERENT. MY DAD WAS A GUNNER LAST TIME... SAID THEY WERE SOMETIMES SHORT OF SHELLS. BUT WE NEVER ARE
GUESS WE'VE THE FOLKS BACK HOME TO THANK FOR THAT
YES! I SEE THEY'RE PUTTING ACROSS ANOTHER VICTORY LOAN
AND THE SLOGAN'S "SPEED THE VICTORY"
THEY CAN'T SPEED IT TOO FAST FOR ME
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# A Housing Shortage Helps Nail the Nazi Coffin

**Germany has been forced by air raids and overcrowding to ration housing, one room to a person. There is no possibility of meeting the situation by new building, and every new raid is making further dents in the accommodation available, and in the morale of the working people.**

BY A. J. PRIESTLAND

GERMANY to-day is facing a housing problem of unparalleled magnitude. Conservative estimates put the number of dwellings destroyed or damaged to the extent of being uninhabitable at one in ten of the 17,836,000 which existed in Germany at the outbreak of war. The housing problem was already acute when war started in Germany. The less than 18 million dwellings accomodated 67,000,000 people and there were virtually no empty ones. In contrast, Britain, for instance, had over 13 million dwellings with 500,000 empty houses.

The acute shortage of houses is another debt the German people owe to the Nazis. When the Nazis came into power, Germany in common with other industrial countries, was making steady progress with its housing problem. The Nazis diverted labor and materials from the construction of dwellings to the construction of factories and military establishments. The extent to which this policy was pursued can be quickly shown by a few figures.

In 1929, the State contributed about 1,200 million Rm. for the construction of "model flats" on the outskirts of the great German cities. In 1937 the contribution had fallen to 90 million Rm. During the depths of the "economic blizzard" of 1929-1932, very nearly 1,000,000 new flats were constructed. In the first four years of the Nazi regime the number fell by 200,000, in spite of the far greater "prosperity" of the country.

## Emergency Measures

The German housing shortage at the outbreak of war was variously estimated by German authorities at between 1.5 and 3 million dwellings. The outbreak of war brought a decree forbidding new construction except by licence. Some 115,000 dwellings were constructed in 1940 and about 100,000 were under construction in 1941. In March 1942 all work was ordered to stop just at the time when the pressure on German housing was becoming greatest.

Various emergency methods have been introduced. Many of the foreign workers are accommodated in camps. There are now 20,000 camps, the largest holding 3,000-4,000. But it will be seen that these are nothing like sufficient. The camp policy for foreign workers was probably introduced more with an eye to policing and keeping the workers separate than to solving housing problems.

Prefabricated houses have been used to a small extent. Earlier this year it was reported with pride that "a few" had appeared in Hamburg. They seem to have been built on bombed sites, squares etc. The houses contain flats consisting of a kitchen, 2 bedrooms and toilet. Many of them, no doubt, were blown down in the later raids on Hamburg. In any case, the high priority given to materials for war purposes seems to preclude much use being made of pre-fabrication.

## Rationing Introduced

"Rationing" has been introduced. The basis is "one person, one room." All single owners or tenants of flats etc., have been ordered to report. A recent decree forbad the use of any rooms in a flat for the storage of furniture, with the threat that stored furniture would be forcibly removed. The population were warned against making flats "uninhabitable" by the excessive storing of furniture which suggests that this has been one of the methods by which tenants have tried to avoid the overcrowding which is now the official policy.

German housing problems are also being "solved" by the conversion of attics into dwelling rooms on a great scale and by the re-conversion of houses and blocks of flats which had been taken over as business or government premises. The businesses are moved to hutments.

The ponderous German official machine in its effort to fit an increasing number of people into a diminishing number of dwellings is becoming strangled by red tape, and every raid adds to the confusion. Housing is supposed to be dealt with on a system of priorities, but the rigid application of rules is merely irritating the bombed-out or those who believe they will be bombed out in the near future.

There is no possibility of Germany coping with the situation by new building. About 1,000,000 of the 2½ million Germans in the building trades have been called to other work. Half-a-million people, mostly women, have been recruited, but the individual efficiency has declined by as much as 80%. The people are being told that they must carry out repairs themselves, but there is a shortage of the essential materials, even down to nails.

The psychological effect of overcrowding and bad housing is considerable. Living in the attic is particularly distasteful to those who have been "bombed out"—they think they have been given the most vulnerable room in the house.

Living at close quarters has already frayed a great many tempers. The tendency is to put the blame on the Nazi party who for ten years have taught the people to look upon them as the source of all benefits. Housing difficulties will certainly intensify the effects of the heavy raids that are being made, impairing the morale and productive capacity of workers.

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# Germany Must Be Broken Up

BY LIONEL GELBER

**This is likely to be Mr. Gelber's last contribution to the discussion of the world's future for some time to come, as he is about to take up other and more absorbing duties.**

**It is, in substance, a warning against putting too much faith in the "good" Germans, on the ground that history shows them to be much too easily misled by "bad" Germans when their national pride comes into the question. Mr. Gelber wants to see Germany considerably cut up territorially.**

AN EDITORIAL dissents from my remarks at the Couchiching Conference on "The New Appeasement" and SATURDAY NIGHT publishes a reply by Mr. J. Anders to my article of August 21 on the subject of "The Soviet, Post-war Germany and Ourselves". The issues raised are not only too large for adequate, short treatment in these columns; most of them were discussed in my book *"Peace By Power"* (1942).

Let me, however, say again what I said at Couchiching: appeasement was much more than an anti-Communist crusade. We cut our own strategic throats, when we permitted Germany in 1936 to remilitarize the Rhineland; but on this—the major act of appeasement before the events of 1938-39—the Left was in accord with the non-Churchill Right. Why? Because of half-baked notions about Germany and Germans, Versailles and Locarno, which bear a shocking resemblance to the propaganda which is gaining currency again.

## Military Machine Must Go

SATURDAY NIGHT is resigned editorially to the continuance of the undivided, greater Bismarckian Reich. Prof. Friedrich Foerster, the distinguished historian of the German question and a very good European, takes the opposite view (July-August number of *New Europe*, N.Y.). It has always been my claim that if Junkers and their associates in heavy industry and high finance were to disappear, Germany might be less of a menace. But would that remove the danger sufficiently? If the German people have been successively so much at the disposal of one set of rulers, may they not soon again be as easily at the disposal of another? Their most recent set of rulers is, moreover, a cross-section of all rather than a single class—with social origins which run from the squirearchy of East Prussia and the capitalists of Essen to a champagne salesman and a petit-bourgeois tub-thumper.

Vengeance will get us nowhere. But justice and self-defence both require that their military striking-power, with which as a single unit the Germans have twice devastated Europe, should be broken irreparably. How is this to be done? By putting a new set of rulers temporarily at the wheel and leaving the war-machine intact?

That is what the ideas of Mr. Anders would accomplish. The British, the Americans and the French established representative government by the revolutions and reforms of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. Since the failure of 1848, the sheep-like German masses have responded, now abjectly and now with enthusiasm (save for the feeble experiment of the Weimar Republic) to the bark of a master. Mr. Anders is in error when he contends that I do not want to destroy, together with the Junkers and the Army, the grip of the monopolists on German finance and industry. On that point, *"Peace By Power"*, pages 25-26, 31, may be cited. But comparable groups have existed among other western peoples with results infinitely less evil. Why are the Germans always a special case? If they cannot stand on their own feet as a nation that is politically mature, one capable of freedom at home and peace abroad, they must not have restored to them the instruments of power. The stakes are those of civilization itself.

## Mr. Anders' Arguments

Mr. Anders offers an odd version of history. The Hohenzollern Empire embodied the triumph of the strong over the weak, but not entirely in the manner he depicts; the southern states entered voluntarily. Mr. Anders does not perceive that even from his own account of the constitution imposed by Bismarck, and of the conduct of German liberals and progressives, he himself discloses a people which has never struck an enduring blow for liberty. He does not ask why genuine parliamentary elements could overcome the semi-absolutism of a backward social order everywhere else in the West. To him, apparently, the onslaught of Prussia on Austria under Bismarck, Roon and Moltke just happened, without design or malice aforethought. The negative fears of a greater Germany manifested by France before 1870 are mentioned; the positive aggressive bid of Prussia and her German allies for European domination he mostly neglects. German expansion, according to him, only began when old Bismarck's hand was forced—a half-truth quite breath-taking in character. Surely Mr. Anders must mean only began again, renewed elsewhere after "a creative pause" during which Schleswig and Alsace-Lorraine were being digested and the freshly unified Reich consolidated.

Apart from the expansionist wars of Bismarck himself, was there not Frederick the Great, that pioneer exemplar of the ruthless spirit and undemocratic institutions with which Germany was to be Prussianized? Mr. Anders has, moreover, confused the brief phase of Germany's naval and colonial expansion overseas in the late 19th and early 20th centuries with what only in Germany could be called liberalism. He overlooks in the main the basic drive towards continental expansion which aimed ceaselessly at overweening European hegemony and which was to be effected through the cold-blooded aggressions of 1864, 1866, 1870, 1914, and 1938-39 to the present. It is a significant omission.

## The Moscow Party

From Mr. Anders even the house of Bismarck gets the benefit of the doubt. Though nothing is known of him and although he is exploiting his ancestor's legend, no prior evidence of good faith is demanded of their latest mouthpiece in Moscow. I still feel "the *opportune* conversion of this aristocratic young prisoner of war, as German militarism's second débâcle looms up, is, to say the least, symbolic". What, inquires Mr. Anders, is the Bismarck record, in addition to the Iron Chancellor's, which makes their motives suspect? It has been consistent. There was the rôle in European diplomacy of Otto's son, Count Herbert Bismarck. British


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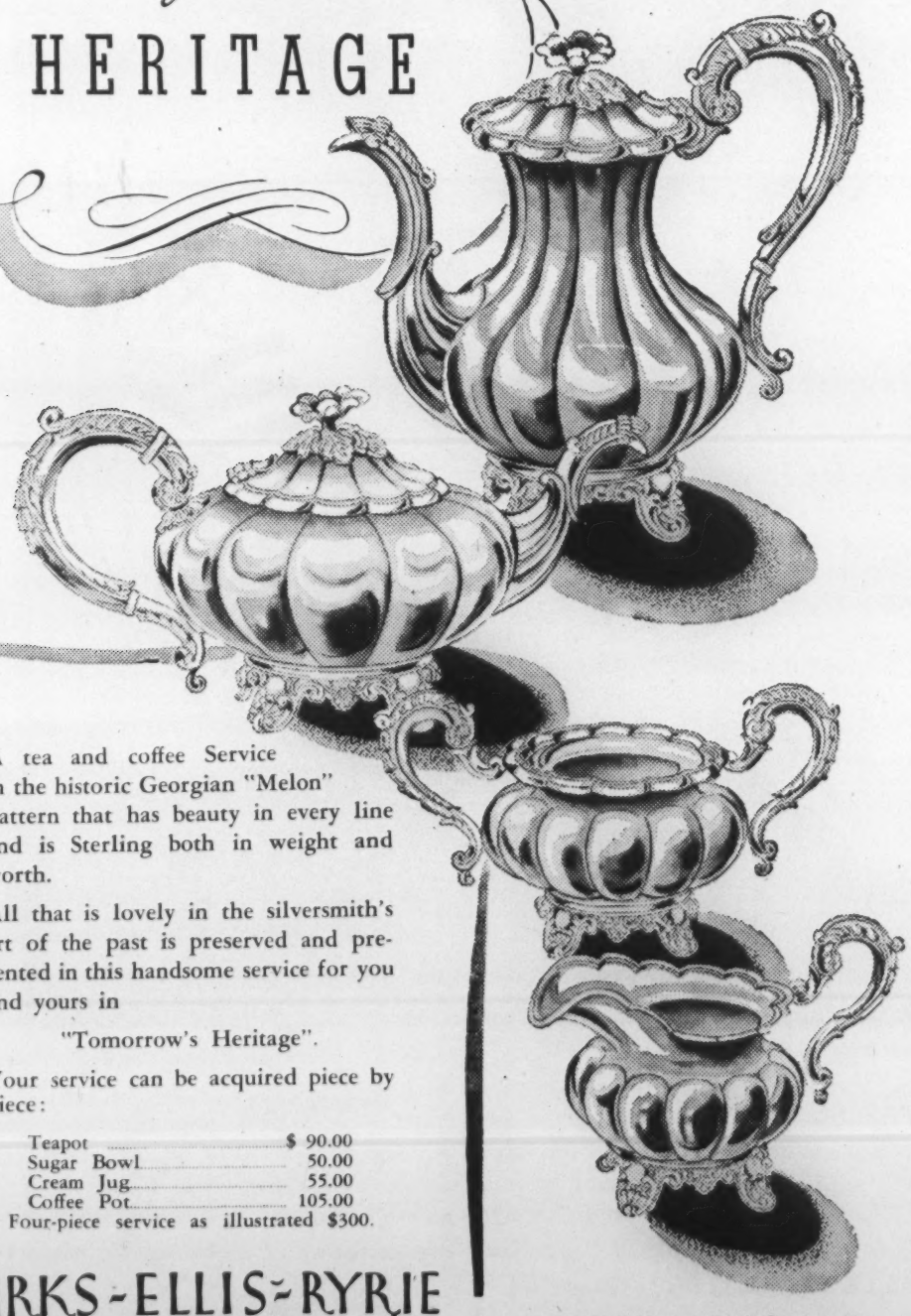

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statesmen of the period did not regard him precisely as an evangel of sweetness and light. And only the other day—in the middle 'thirties—there were the efforts of another Prince Bismarck to serve the upstart Nazi régime as an official ornament of the London Embassy. If once bitten twice shy, thrice bitten all the shyer.

The portrait of the German people as the first, innocent victim of Prussian militarism and German monopoly capitalism is, as painted by Mr. Anders, a touching one. By it some of his more compassionate readers might well have been moved to cosmic tears. From the 1860's to 1943 how hard the Germans tried to shake off those incubi—in prosperity before 1914 as in adversity after 1919, in victory as in defeat, when on top of the world as in the depths of despair! How staunch the civic fibre which can choose between right and wrong, how quick to reject crimes committed in the German name, how profound and widespread the sense of moral responsibility, how constant the defiance of tyranny! The authenticity of Mr. Anders' portrait would be at once recognized by the shades of all whom the German hordes crushed in occupied Europe between 1914-1918; by those countless Europeans who from the Atlantic to the Volga have suffered a similar fate since 1939.

## Facing Realities

A system of government by human butchery, fiendish torture on a continental scale, wholesale annihilation of helpless, conquered races —why mar Mr. Anders' portrait? For those enormities only a handful of landowners, financiers and industrialists have been to blame; all of it they have done by themselves. And so it is a myth that, generation after generation, there have been millions of Germans who either acquiesced in iniquity or rejoiced to cheer it on and carry it out. Perhaps these vile things have not even occurred; a bad dream, unfair to Germans and Germany, they do not, at any rate, figure in Mr. Anders' pathetic sketch. For appeasement old or new, Right or Left, seldom admits the brute realities.

Would I deny the Germans democracy? Never. It is the case against them that they have denied democracy to themselves—and to others. That is why, in this year of grace, we are where we are. And as Nazism now fades out, the Germans are concluding but one more spasm in their long anti-democratic tradition. Can we build the peace of the world on the bland assurance of the new appeasement that through another defeat and economic adjustment they will have completely altered? Are we again to confound their post-war exhaustion with a sudden, fundamental change of heart and culture? Statesmanship dare not take that risk.

## Must Have Disarmament

The Atlantic Charter is, like Scriptures, quoted to many ends. Mr. Anders seeks its protection for Germany's territorial, and hence strategic, integrity. The provision it makes for the disarmament of aggressors he ignores. We may therefore look forward to a German people's army recruited from the same people who so joyfully obeyed Hohenzollern and Nazi when glory beckoned and who, when the omens are again favorable, might thus obey once more. German militarism and German industrialism are in this age of total war indissolubly linked. Is it on behalf of "the people's army" that Mr. Anders wishes to have the Ruhr industries revived—still under the control of a still centralized, greater German Reich? The ultimate cost to mankind would be less if they did not revive. It might also be safer for humanity if there were to be a thorough de-Prussianization or decentralization of the Reich of 1867-71.

The general, tentative grounds for that approach are indicated in my book. Prof. Foerster for one believes Bavaria, perhaps other States in the south and west of Germany, are ready for it. Otherwise, I can only reiterate what I wrote in SATURDAY NIGHT (August 21) that Germany's vast military potential over which democrats, pacifists and socialists are to preside tomorrow can be seized for more sinister purposes when the time is ripe the day after tomorrow. Are we to gain the fruits of victory only to toss them heedlessly away? Will we never learn?

In spite of her fractured leg, this bride, Nursing Sister Betty Makepeace of Dover, managed to cut her wedding cake. Both she and the groom, Third Officer Lindsay Brown, were survivors of a British hospital ship sunk by Axis bombing planes off Sicily. Each had believed the other was drowned. Their joy at finding each other safe was so great, they decided to marry at once.


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The Minister of Finance reserves the right to accept or to allot the whole or any part of the amount of this loan subscribed for cash for either or both maturities if total subscriptions are in excess of $1,200,000,000.

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Subscriptions may be made through any Victory Loan Salesman, the National War Finance Committee or any representative thereof, any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank, or any authorized Savings Bank, Trust or Loan Company, from whom may be obtained application forms and copies of the Official Prospectus containing complete details of the loan.

The lists will open on 18th October 1943, and will close on or about 6th November 1943, with or without notice, at the discretion of the Minister of Finance.

*Department of Finance,*
*Ottawa, 14th October 1943.*

# Would Profit Sharing Cure Labor Troubles?

**Mr. Cummings, who is a Toronto business man and a native of Ottawa, wrote recently in these columns on the value of profit-sharing devices as incentives to production.**

**In this article he urges the adoption of them as a means of combatting the rising tendency of labor costs (not wages, which is a different matter) and thus preserving the price level.**

**"Incentive pay" is a practical device and can be combined with deferment of a good fraction of the bonus until the war is over.**

BY L. CUMMINGS

IN THE article on this subject published in June 26 issue, we suggested profit sharing as one possible cure for our labor troubles.

Conditions in industry and in the country as a whole have become worse recently. Our aircraft industry in Montreal has been tied up for some ten days by a wholly inexcusable strike. Important plants in Galt have been seriously interfered with for some two months by labor organizers. Flour milling plants are shutting down parts of their plants through lack of help. The armed services are crying for additional recruits.

On top of all this, Mr. Donald Gordon says, in the most unmistakable terms, that unless we do something to stop our present tendency to increase wages and costs, all efforts to stop inflation will be in vain.

WELL! What's to do about it?

First—No effective measures have been taken as yet to explain to the average working man and woman that increased wages, without increased production, cuts two ways. It gives an apparent increase in income, but at the same time increases the cost of the work done. This results in an increase in cost to somebody else doing the next operation, and so on, until in today's set-up it hits the government. Since the government is, in the last analysis, you and me and all other citizens of Canada, it means our war cost goes up. That just means more money borrowed, more interest to pay, and therefore, more taxes for years and years and years. The apparent increase in immediate income is a worthless, phantom thing.

Unfortunately, speeches by Mr. Gordon won't correct this condition. They are clear and factual, but to the average reader uninteresting. Other and more appealing methods of putting over his message must be used.

Second—The figures of the Bureau of Statistics on cost of living are widely discredited. They don't bear any relation to what the average citizen thinks it costs him to live. The average working family know their cost this year for groceries and meat has gone up 30-50%. They believe that the cost of living index is cooked, and the government has lost face with this body of the public.

Third and finally—The increasing cost of production must be stopped. At last you say, "Now let's have it. How do *you* propose to do it?" Unfortunately this writer can make no claim to omniscience. He only looks, reads, and tries to hand on those things which he thinks make sense.

## More Work Only Answer

In the present case there is only one cure for our condition, namely, more work per employee.

It will be said at once that this isn't practicable. Every possible device has been tried to get men to work harder.

That isn't entirely true.

We have tried coaxing, appeals to patriotism, increasing pay, giving holidays with pay, paying exorbitant overtime rates, paying transportation allowances, and, I daresay, even prayer. But the result is the same, higher costs and poor production.

In nearly all these efforts we have felt the heavy hand of that old feeling of distrust between employee and employer. As was pointed out in the previous article, this condition will persist until we take effective steps to remove it.

Time studies and job analysis alone only aggravate the condition. They breed in the hearts of workers a feeling of antagonism, a desire to defeat the plan and an ability to circumvent it that is almost uncanny. Time study *as a follow-up to profit sharing* is practical, but not otherwise.

No; reduced costs can only be obtained by increased production. In-

**At present there is a lull in the fighting against the Japs in Burma, but British planes like this Hurricane in India never relax their patrols.**

*When Dependability Counts Most . . .*

More than thirty years ago, when aeroplanes were fledglings, Goodyear was actively pioneering in the field of aeroplane tires. Today, when thousands of speedy fighters and high-flying bombers are rolling off the production lines, Goodyear still leads the field in tire, wheel and brake assemblies. As aeroplanes progressed to finer and finer performance, so did Goodyear tires . . . until . . . today, in the aviation field as in others, Goodyear is "The Greatest Name in Rubber".

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creased production can only be obtained with the whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of the whole staff. This support can only be attained if the staff know that they will participate, in a tangible and substantial manner, in the benefits of such increase. What evidence is there that this plan will work?

In the August issue of *Reader's Digest* is an article entitled "Incentive Pay," by William Hard. Here is the evidence chapter and verse; examples of union and non-union shops, time study used in a practical way, production soaring to undreamed of heights and costs falling into the cellar.

### Sharing Gives Results

In the Murray Corporation, a union shop, production is up 25% since putting in a production bonus on the basis suggested. Time study is also used.

At Continental Motors, a C.I.O. shop, production is away up, with improved discipline, no absentees and real loyalty between management and men.

In the Lyon Inc. plant, making cartridge cases, "incentive pay" lowered scrap by 90% and increased production 25%.

The classic example of 100% production bonus is in the Lincoln Electric Manufacturing Company of Cleveland—a non-union shop. Here in 1941 the average income per employee was $4800 or about $2 per hour. These figures are reached by payment of a total production bonus in which everybody participates. All the usual methods of efficient management are used, but the staff know that they will benefit directly from any increase in production and lowering of costs. This company has found that with their incentive plan they can maintain a production rate of three times the normal average.

The result in this company is a continuous dividend payment since 1918 and the lowering of production costs so that a unit which formerly cost $1500 now costs $200, and welding rods which formerly sold for 15.2c per lb. now sell for 5.5c.

Wages in these firms don't mean much. All the old ground for haggling between men and management is swept away.

### What Can Be Done Now

This plan works. Why are we holding out? I don't know, unless it is habit. It isn't sensible; it isn't right, it isn't profitable, it isn't patriotic. To be concrete, I suggest the following procedure:

That the Department of Munitions and Supply declare a certain date or period to be the basis for calculation of volume of production.

That for each 1% of increase in production in each plant or business, above this basic rate, wages be increased in that plant or business by 1%.

That the increase apply to all personnel, overhead and production alike.

That it apply to all Department of Munitions and Supply contractors, sub-contractors, supply sources, basic and transportation industries.

That all wage rates be frozen for the duration as of date of announcement.

That the Government retain 25% of pay bonus.

That 25% of pay bonus be paid tax free and in cash, monthly if possible.

That 50% of pay bonus be paid in war savings certificates, not redeemable till six months after cessation of hostilities.

That any other business may adopt this plan by registering its wish to do so with the Department of National Revenue.

That all individual income under this plan be deducted from individual gross annual income before computing income tax.

This plan has other features that appeal to one's common sense.

1.—It provides the all-essential cushion of money for the period of transition from war to peace.

2.—It makes possible the dissipation of the old feeling of antipathy between the two essential elements in industry.

3.—It will set a standard of procedure for peacetime operating which will give Canada a chance to play her part in international trade.

4.—It will allow the quality of statesmanship to operate in the associations of industry and labor.

So I say, "Profit Sharing HAS Done it."

Give men an opportunity of improving their pay by their own efforts and they will seize it. THEY will get rid of the loafers, the disturbers, the misfits. They will also demand results from the office end of the business.

With the men satisfied, management will be able to devote its time to managing, instead of worrying whether they have a business to manage or not.

For Heaven's sake let us get control of our affairs before Mr. Gordon's fears are realized. We have tried all the other methods and know they won't work. Only fools persist in a course of action under these circumstances.

So far in our industrial relations we have followed the theory of "Essential Conflict" as between masters and men. The only thing about this theory that is essential is that it is essentially WRONG.

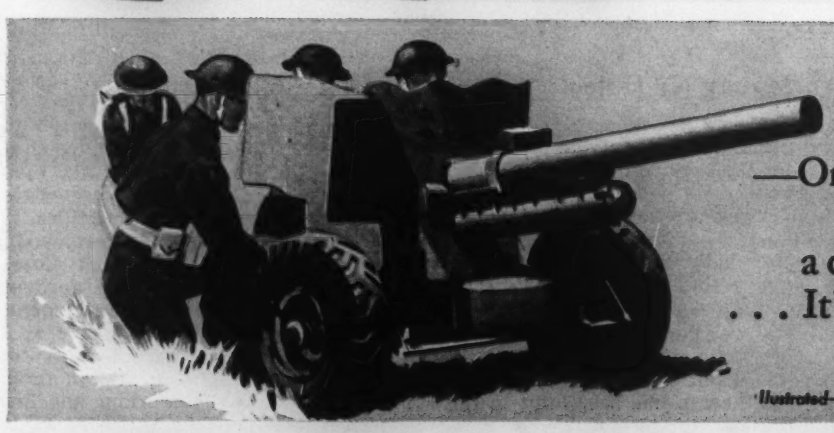
The late President Woodrow Wilson, at a time of industrial crisis in United States' industry, said, "The highest and best form of efficiency is the spontaneous co-operation of a free people."

Some examples of the result of releasing this spirit in some plants have been given above.

Let us adopt this tried and proven solution of our problem before it can be said of us, "TOO LATE."

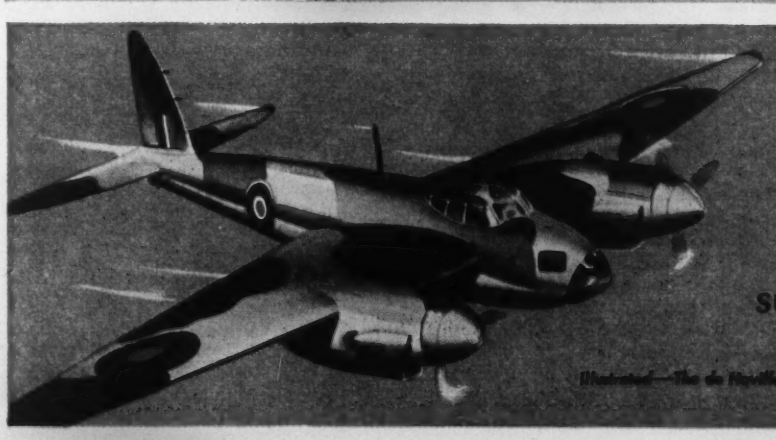
INVITE him down!—Coax him into range . . . There'll be a bullet in his vitals to teach him what this war is like . . . a fraction of a second-th of an inch . . . ."Put another notch on the gun, Bill. There goes a Jerry that's a GOOD Jerry . . . NOW"!

*Illustrated—The Oerlikon Gun. Mounts produced in Canada by General Motors*



LET them move up their monsters . . . their crawling caterpillar "forts-on-wheels" —Once they *could* ride on ditches . . . trees and *men* . . . well . . . that day is over!—There's a certain satisfaction in facing up to tanks, now . . . It's like reaching out and pushing their faces in!—There's a certain satisfaction . . .

*Illustrated—The 6-pounder Anti-Tank Gun. Carriages produced in Canada by General Motors*



MOSQUITO bombers . . . making harsh music in the heavens . . . nosing their way into enemy skies . . . a light, swift threat of death to Nazis . . . quick and sure as Nemesis!

*Illustrated—The de Havilland Mosquito Bomber. Fuselages produced in Canada by General Motors*

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*Illustrated—The Browning Machine Gun, produced in Canada by General Motors*

ONCE there were knights that rode on armoured steeds . . . down the long tortuous road that leads to pennons flying and the bright white Peace . . . Well . . . there still ARE knights . . . knights in khaki, that ride to bloody tournament . . . but their steeds are Tanks . . . invincible as lightning . . . to put an end to this!

*Illustrated—The M-4 Tank. Hulls produced in Canada by General Motors*

VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS

# A New Northern World for Canada's Tomorrow

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

**Raymond Arthur Davies, well known to Saturday Night's readers, has recently returned from an exhaustive journey to the Mackenzie basin. He went down the Mackenzie river as far north as Tuktuk on the Arctic coast, has seen the great Canol undertaking, examined prospects for future development. In this, the first of a series of articles, he discusses the possibilities of making Canada's northwest into a New World for Canada.**

MOST travelled Canadians are noted for having seen a goodly portion of the world but not their own country. The writer was no exception. He has travelled in South America, the forty-eight states of the Union, western Europe, Russia, Siberia. But in Canada until recently his experiences had been limited to the main inhabited centres, the Great Lakes, and the occasional journalistic jaunts from Toronto to Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver, Timmins.

Only since war cast into prominence Dawson Creek, Ft. St. John, Fort Nelson, and other localities linked with the Alaska Highway, has the writer had an opportunity to see what Canada is like in these comparatively little known places. In January of this year he visited the Highway.

And this summer it was with satisfaction that the writer accepted an assignment to go *down* north, down the Mackenzie river to examine the Canol project and to write about the possibilities of expanding our country within its own limits.

From Toronto or Montreal, the writer has found, it is difficult to appreciate the enormity of Canada. Better to go to some place like Tuktuk, east of the Mackenzie river delta on the Arctic coast, to gain a proper perspective.

From Tuktuk, Edmonton is 2,200 miles south by river; Toronto is 3,000 air miles away; Moscow is as far as Ottawa; Siberia is closer than Calgary; the North Pole is nearer than the trans-continental railway lines in the south.

## Half-Way Down North

Yet despite these distances, Tuktuk is only half way up (or rather, *down*) Canada. Stretching for more than 1,000 miles north and northeast there is still the Arctic Island Preserve of ten major and hundreds of minor islands. Virgin, unexplored and semi- or completely unexploited, but promising in furs and minerals, these islands form an immense storehouse of the future.

But the main wealth of the northwest lies far closer to the inhabited zones than Tuktuk, within reach, so to speak, of the average citizen.

I entered the zone of northwestern wealth almost at its very beginning, at Waterways, where immense tar sand deposits hold the secret of the world's future liquid fuel. Here is three times as much oil as in the rest of the world's proven deposits. The problem is to find a commercial method for extracting. This is being worked on now. In the same place there are millions of tons of salt—raw material for future chemical factories.

At Waterways I boarded the Hudson Bay Company's *Northland Echo*, a pleasant and comfortable paddle-wheeler that carried me at the "swift" pace of some seven or nine miles an hour down the shallow Athabaska, through Lake Athabaska and then down the Slave river as far as the Fitzgerald rapids. The trip took three days.

Then a week was spent in Fitzgerald and Fort Smith waiting for the S.S. *McKenzie River*, which was to take me down to Aklavik and Tuktuk and back to Norman Oil Wells.

Fitzgerald and Fort Smith lie on either side of the 60th parallel, the parallel of Oslo, Stockholm, Leningrad, Helsinki. What a difference! Fort Smith: population 250. Leningrad: population 2,500,000. It made one think and think hard about our nation building. Jocularly someone said: "After all, Canada had never had a Peter."

The sixteen miles of rapids between Fitzgerald and Fort Smith are a power expert's Valhalla. Here some day a dam will be built harnessing three quarters of a million horsepower of electric energy. And electricity plus water plus local pulpwood will make chemicals and paper, will bring new wealth to a New World for Canada.

Already at Waterways, one senses the influence of the friendly American invasion into our Northwest. Great shipyards are built here to put together barges for the Canol, Canadian Oil, Project, which has vitalized the Mackenzie basin. Here the Americans have full sway. From Waterways down river everywhere one meets American barges, American workmen, American soldiers.

Those energetic Americans! "When do you rest?" I asked a United States Army engineer in Waterways. "When the job is done," he replied.

"What is your greatest pleasure here?" I inquired of a colonel in charge of the oil project farther down the river.

"To see machines and supplies get here, after waiting for them for months."

People like these are certain to influence our North for many years to come.

## Money No Object

Money is no object. The job of building the Canadian Oil project pipeline and oil wells is worth more than dollars, I was told. "You see," a workman condescended to explain, "we've got to lick the Japs, so what the hell. There's lots of money where this came from."

Waterways, Fitzgerald, Fort Smith, these are only the first scenes of the dramatic work. After them comes Axe Point on the Mackenzie where a huge camp has been built in the wilderness to receive three times as much freight as the Mackenzie basin had ever seen in one year. This freight was brought in in winter by "cat train" at an enormous cost.

But the climax of everything with which the Americans are connected is at Norman Oil Wells and Camp Canol, 1,120 miles north of Waterways and 1,420 miles north of Edmonton. Here work boils around the clock. Wells are being drilled for a hundred miles along the river. Production capacity, though secret, is more than 1,000 per cent of what it was one year ago.

And at Camp Canol, on the west side of the river, the pipeline west begins which will soon link the oil of the Mackenzie basin with the Alaska Highway at Whitehorse, and with the Pacific via the Inside Passage port of Skagway.

There never was a line like this. I have seen other pipelines, in Russian Asia, in Peru, in Colombia. None were as difficult to build. Studying the problems, and watching the men at work, inevitably makes the observer swell with pride and joy for the sheer ability of man to conquer nature.

## Wealth and Problems

And beyond the oil wells and the pipeline, there is more wealth and there are more problems. Waterpower, forests, minerals are everywhere.

True, northerners deprecate this wealth. It's too hard to get at it, they say. Too cold. Too much water. Too costly.

Pessimists. The difficulties are there all right. But man has conquered greater obstacles. What is needed is concentration and a common drive.

Almost at the Arctic Ocean, I came to Aklavik, a settlement that has a brilliant future. Some day Aklavik will be a port of entry into Canada for airplanes from Asia, for the Mackenzie is said to be the best air route from our continent to the north. Today Aklavik—a few trading posts, a radio station, two mission hospitals, two schools, a few score houses—lives on "rats," muskrats.

The last stop for river steamers is Tuktuk where inland freight is transferred to ocean-going vessels for delivery to trading posts on either side of the Amundsen and Coronation Gulfs.

The Americans have proven that the northwest can be developed. Better proofs than the Alaska Highway and the Canol oil wells and pipeline would be difficult to demand.

But the challenge is ours. The Americans will stay here until six months after the war. Then the huge construction projects — roads, airports, camps, pipeline—will revert to Canada. What shall we do with them? This is what people in the northwest want to know.

## Change Permanent?

They want to think that the change is permanent. They want to believe that Canada will continue the work begun, and will not let it go to pieces.

The main problem is manpower. Can we get workers and farmers to go north and settle permanently? If this can be done, the north and the northwest will come alive. If not, this huge area of more than a million square miles must of necessity return to its sleep.

Minerals are there aplenty: gold, silver, tin, uranium, radium, columbium, nickel, gypsum. All metals except aluminium are expected to be found in commercial quantities.

And farming can be developed. In the Arctic, sub-Arctic and close to the 60th parallel, market gardening thrives. But the real development of farming can not be expected so far north. Instead there is still some seventeen to eighteen million acres of good land available along the Peace river and perhaps as many as 100,000 square miles in the Liard river basin and along the Mackenzie. This must be explored and gauged. The whole problem of northern agriculture must be solved scientifically. But it can be done.

These are the challenges the visitor from "outside" inevitably ponders during a journey along the Mackenzie. I thought about them. In the following articles I should like to describe the impression of the great northwest upon a journalist from "up south." I, for one, am sold on the idea that much can be done . . . . and by Canadians.


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Canadian Pacific Air Lines Photo

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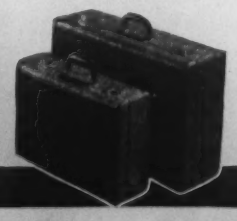

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*From a photograph by Karsh*

# SPEED THE VICTORY

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Before our fighting men lies a long and arduous task. The costs will be heavy, the losses severe. That will be the price of Victory.

We are fortunate indeed to have an opportunity to share and shoulder responsibilities that we as Canadians should carry. These responsibilities belong to every one of us. We can not shirk them.

We must ensure the success of the Fifth Victory Loan.

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**FORWARD TOGETHER – BUY VICTORY BONDS**

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# Australia's Capital Is a Model for Planners

BY MURRAY OULTON

**Canberra is the envy of the world, a city without a slum. The Commonwealth capital was founded thirty years ago and it has slowly been expanded along planned lines.**

**The Australian people were not enthusiastic towards the new city at first, but now they are proud of the clean, modern city in its garden setting. So far eleven million pounds have been spent in developing the city and it is planned to practically double this outlay after the war.**

WE HAVE been hearing much of late about post-war planning of our cities, the building of new garden cities, and town planning generally. It is often forgotten that the most remarkable plan of this kind ever devised and carried out is to be seen in Australia.

Canberra, capital of the Commonwealth, is unique among the world's seats of government—a city without a slum, embowered in trees, adorned with gardens, and surrounded by lovely hills where one can stand knee-deep in wild flowers, those blossoms that are the glory of the Australian bush. The air is clean and pure, no belching smoke pollutes it; and in spring the whole area is a veritable Eden of loveliness.

This splendid young city, the population of which has doubled since 1927, when His Majesty opened the Federal Parliament House, was founded exactly 30 years back, since when over £11,000,000 has been spent on it. Now ambitious post-war plans are being considered which will practically double that outlay.

These plans for the development of Canberra visualize the transference to it of all Commonwealth Departments after the war, and would make the city what from the beginning it was hoped that it would prove—a capital that meant the same to the Commonwealth as Washington does to the United States. The plans have been submitted to the Minister of the Interior, Senator Collings, by departmental architects.

The scheme contemplates the expenditure of at least £10,000,000 on the construction of secretariats, civic buildings, schools, houses, and additional shops. The transfer of all the Federal Departments, including Navy, Army, Air Force, Post Office, Health, Labor and National Service, would mean a big increase on the present population of about 11,000, and would take several years to complete.

It would mean, however, that Australia would have a capital worthy of the virile young race that has twice within a quarter of a century proved its nationhood.

## 3,000,000 Trees

The beauty of the city and its environment is difficult to exaggerate. The willow-shaded Molongolo River flowing gently through its heart, and glorious panoramas of it are seen from the mountains above. Canberra is truly a virgin city laid out in virgin bush, and Nature has been man's ally in the task. The city area lies between two parallel ridges of thickly-wooded hills, and it is crossed by broad, tree-lined avenues. There are 80 miles of streets in all, and three million trees have been planted. Gardens in one half-mile of road alone have 22,000 rose trees.

Flowers fill the air with scent, giving the lie to the saying that Australia's flowers have no scent, and the singing birds kill the equally fallacious story that the country's birds cannot sing. Among the birds that inhabit the neighborhood are many of brilliant hue, parrots, cockatoos, rosellas, and honey-eaters, which flash in the brilliant sunlight. Indeed, the capital is such a garden city that the dwellers in Australia's industrial centres declare their legislators cannot have their hearts in their work amid such distracting delights!

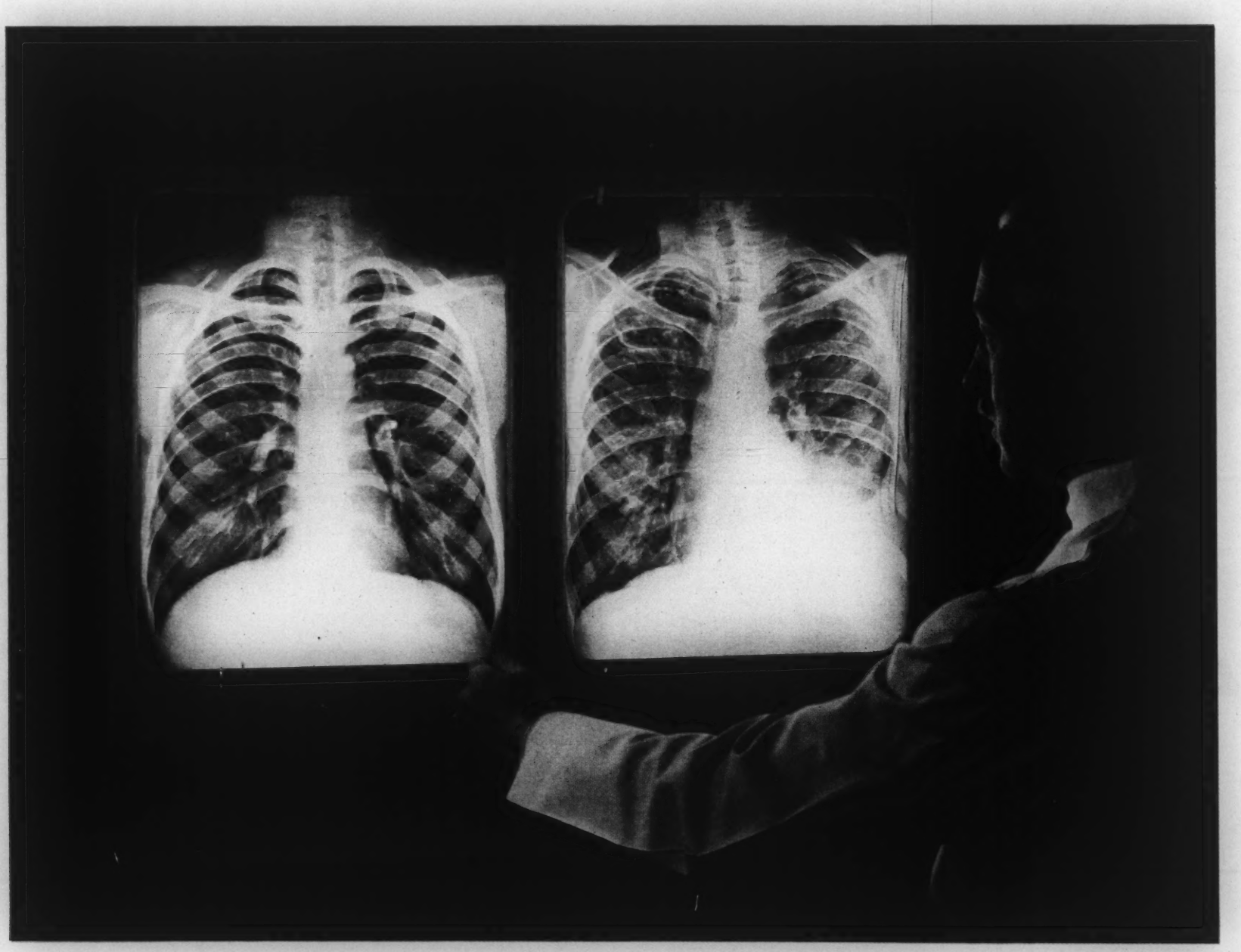
The naming of the streets and squares is not being done on a haphazard plan. Canberra has been divided up into about two dozen districts, each of which bears the name of a man who has done something outstanding to forward the development of Australia as a nation. The streets in these districts are named—or, as the city grows, will be named, under special categories. Among them are statesmen, navigators, explorers, scientists, and literary men.

## Tourist Centre

One category embraces the Great War, and around the war memorial are to be seen Gallipoli street, Ypres, Amiens, and Anzac streets, among others. Some of the most charming names are those of Australia's wild flowers, Boronia, Banksia, Bottle Brush, Clyanthus, Flax Lily, Waratah, and Wattle. Aboriginal names have not been forgotten, and so we have Girrahween (Place of Flowers), Lowanna (Beauty), Elimatta (My home), Boolee (Star), and Akuna (Flowing Water).

Since the year when His Majesty visited Canberra a great change has taken place in the way Australians regard their capital. It is no secret that for a number of years every good Australian snorted with scorn at the mere mention of its name. It was a "White Elephant", "Bush Capital", "Australia's Sink", and even "the illegitimate offspring of an unholy union between New South Wales and Victoria." Now it is looked upon with pride, and is already a great tourist centre, and Britons visiting it will feel almost at home among its thousands of oaks, poplars, planes, elms and other English trees.

At the time when the city was founded, on land now known as Australian Capital Territory, and ceded by New South Wales, there was considerable opposition among the States. It was centrally situated in relation to the distribution of Australia's population, but, although only 150 miles direct from Sydney, it is 500 from Brisbane and 1500 from Perth. Distance was the problem then, but first motor transport and now, especially, aviation, have annihilated space.

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EVEN WAR has its bright and hopeful side—even this war of frightfulness. It is bringing the surest, most conclusive test for tuberculosis to hundreds of thousands of young Canadians. As a matter of standard practice, all men entering the service are radiographed—pictures of their lungs are made on X-ray film.

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A good deal has been accomplished. X-ray pictures have already been a major factor in beating tuberculosis down from first place to seventh, as a hazard of life . . . Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

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# BRITISH LETTER

## Conference Will Make History

BY COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, M.P.

*(Cabled from England as part of the National News Letter, and published by special arrangement. Copyright.)*

DURING the past few weeks there has been a noticeable easing off of the campaign for the Second Front in the Soviet press. Two principal reasons appear to account for this, one military, the other political. They are worth considering because they take us right to the heart of the present international situation.

We begin with the military factor. While the Russians feel (with every justification) that they are still bearing an undue share of the fighting in Europe, a Soviet military authority in the course of a recent conversation confessed that the Allied operations in the Mediterranean theatre had become an important factor in the war, much more so than the Russians had expected would be the case.

So long as the Fascist regime held power and Italy remained an ally of Germany, the conquest of Italy promised little help for the Russians. The Allies, it was felt, would have to fight their way slowly up the Italian peninsula, with only a few German divisions involved against them. Weeks, perhaps months, of valuable time would be required for the campaign, and even if and when the Allies reached the Alps, how much farther ahead would they be? They would possess air bases from which to strike at South-West Germany, but the task of crossing the mountain barrier would be slow, costly and perhaps impossible. Thus Italy might become a cul-de-sac leading nowhere so far as a decision in the war would be concerned.

### Hitler Had to Save Face

It was the fall of Mussolini which began to transform the whole situation. For the sake of German prestige the world (and particularly the satellite countries) then had to be taught a lesson. Hitler was compelled to make Italy a front of some significance to the war as a whole. The capitulation of the Italian Government, and its call to the people of Italy to help in driving the Germans out, resulted in a very different situation from what the Nazis (and the Russians) anticipated. Italy became a running sore on the German military body. Already it has seriously weakened the enemy's strategic position in Southern France and the Balkans.

The political factor which appears to account for the lessening of the Second Front campaign is the imminence of the three-power conference. The Russians are very much in earnest about this meeting, and while there has been some jockeying for position on both sides, they want to see the big outstanding issues tackled in a bold manner. Naturally the prospects of success are increased if the meetings can begin in a friendly atmosphere, and this could hardly happen if the Russian newspapers are still crying out for a Second Front and minimizing the importance of the Italian campaign.

**English girl workers who make these large steel wire rings for the heavy boom defence nets which protect harbours from Nazi submarines must have plenty of stamina. The work entails standing for 8½ hours daily.**

### Russians Eager

The Prime Minister has stated that several attempts have been made to get Marshal Stalin to a conference with President Roosevelt himself. Nevertheless the Russians themselves have taken the initiative in the matter of a conference at the Foreign Ministers level such as is planned for this month. They have also shown that they mean business by selecting M. Vishinsky, who is Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs and in effect Vice-premier as well as a very close colleague of Stalin, to act as Russian representative on the Inter-Allied Mediterranean Commission. In terms of political status in their respective countries Vishinsky towers above MacMillan, the British member, and far and away above Edwin Willson who has been chosen as American representative. The Russians are quite aware of this fact incidentally.

But it is the military situation on the Eastern Front, and the political possibilities which arise from it, which leads the Russians to place so much importance in the three-power conference. They expect big results from their coming winter campaign. Some at least of their military leaders do not rule out the possibility of a German military collapse by next spring. In view of these facts they believe the clock points to eleven so far as Allied agreement on European policy is concerned.

The Russians have their own ideas (or demands) about the future of Europe. But there is no doubt that they would like to reach a friendly agreement on the main issues with Great Britain and America. They know the dangers which they as well as we would face if there were no agreement.

### Winter Promises Problems

Supposing that Russian hopes for this winter's campaign materialize and the Germans are forced to withdraw to the Carpathian mountains; in the south the Red armies would be on Rumanian soil and the door to Bulgaria would be ajar. The question of the terms to be offered to the Rumanians would then become as urgent and delicate a matter of interest to Britain and America as the terms to Italy were to the Russians. The question of Bulgaria might be even more delicate, since there are elements in that country which would like to see Bulgaria become a Republic within the U.S.S.R. There is no reason to believe that the Russians would support such a move; the evidence is that they would be embarrassed by it. But unless these matters are faced frankly in the very near future, the Russians believe that events may move so quickly that they will have no alternative but to act alone, with the risk of not having the full sympathy and support of their Western allies.

The same sort of problems arise on the northern front. If the winter campaign goes well in this sector, the Russians will re-enter the Baltic States, Poland and Finland. The seriousness and urgency of this situation is underlined by such facts as these: (1) American opinion has been shown to be very much interested in the Baltic States; (2) America is not at war with Finland; (3) Britain and America recognize the émigré Polish Government and Britain has given certain guarantees to Poland, while the Russians have broken off relations with the Polish Government in London, and have a shadow Polish Government on Russian soil.

Finally there is the question how Germany is to be dealt with when her military power collapses. It remains to be seen what the Russian attitude will be on these matters, and whether agreement between the principal Allies can be reached. But one thing is certain; the three-power conference will mark a decisive moment in world history.


A LITTLE CARE MEANS LONGER WEAR for Tires

Despite any optimistic reports you may hear about the tire situation in Canada, the plain fact is that *the next six months are going to be the most critical of the war.*

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Careful driving, regular inspection and preventative service are the secrets of long tire life. None of them cost much, but if properly used your tires will give you thousands of extra miles of service.

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Underinflation is the greatest enemy of tire life—have your tires checked every week, regularly.

2. **Drive Slowly**
High speeds use an excess amount of gasoline and greatly reduce tire mileage.

3. **Stop and Start Slowly**
Quick stops and starts tear off tread rubber and wear off miles of normal tread wear.

4. **Take Curves Carefully**
Rounding curves at high speeds can double the weight on the outside tire!

5. **Avoid Rough Roads**
The constant pounding on the tires on rough roads causes fast tread wear.

6. **Check Alignment**
Misaligned wheels cause tire to be dragged sideways and tread rubber is literally scraped off the tread at every revolution of the wheel

7. **Adjust Wheel Brakes**
Have your brakes checked regularly to avoid grabby brakes which result in spotty and excessive tire wear.

8. **Straighten Wheel Rims**
Bent rims are often the cause of blowouts.

9. **Don't Ride Car Rails**
Streetcar rails help cars to ride more smoothly but create excess tire wear on the outer shoulders of the tire

10. **Rotate Tires Regularly**
Rotating tires every 2500 miles in the manner illustrated at the right — using the spare — can increase tire mileage 25%.

11. **Don't Bump Curbs**
Running into curbs usually results in a bad break or ruined tire.

12. **Have Tires Inspected Regularly**
Besides spotting minor cuts and breaks, your Firestone Dealer can tell if your tires are receiving abnormal wear and advise you how to correct it.

SEE YOUR Firestone DEALER

# This Time Let's Not Expect Too Much of Youth

BY CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

**The youth movements which followed the last war do not seem to have had much success in building a brave new world. The youth groups, at first separate, speedily became part of wider political or religious movements, many of them highly unhealthy.**

**Let us not this time, says Dr. Silcox, give youth the idea that it has the solution for problems which the experience of age cannot solve. Age and youth must work together.**

**Anyhow there are not now the grounds for a division between old and young which existed in 1920, when the old had done no world-war fighting and the civilians had endured no casualties comparable to those of the armed forces.**

AT THE close of the first world war, there was a general tendency to call upon youth to rebuild the world. Then, one of the foremost leaders on this continent referred, in a notable address, to the youth of that day as the greatest generation the world had ever known! He implied, as did so many others, that since the older people had failed in their efforts to provide a sound social order, the next generation would now have to correct the mistakes of their elders and lay the foundations for a finer civilization.

Most people seemed then to agree with him. The older people of that time felt somewhat guilty about the relative paucity of their own contribution to victory in 1918 when it was compared with that of the millions of youth who had been in the fighting forces, and especially of the millions of youth who had been killed or permanently disabled in the earlier world struggle for freedom. They felt that they owed a debt unpayable to such youth, both the living and the dead. So the young people who survived seemed destined to show the way in the reconstruction of a war-free and decent world.

For a time, youth took the challenge seriously when they were not engaged in violating the laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. All over the world there were reports of youth movements aiming to put an end to blighting traditions and to win for themselves their proper place in the new-arising design for living. The accent was on youth.

### Movements Before Last War

Even before the last war, youth movements had arisen in Germany and these showed no little vitality after the armistice. German youth of both sexes wandered through the great forests, camped out in the open, sang together their songs of sentiment and adventure, and began to adopt not only a distinctive costume but a distinctive dietary. Some greeted the promise of this revolution of youth with a cheer; others were frankly troubled.

Soon, however, these youth groups became simply the youth sections of existing political or religious movements. Thus, in Germany, there arose a proletarian youth movement, a Socialist youth movement, a Communist youth movement, a Catholic youth movement, an Evangelical youth movement. Indeed, one of the new political movements in that country which bore as its device a *Hakenkreuz* or swastika published a pamphlet in which reference was made to the *nichtigkeit* or futility of all youth movements. Nevertheless, it began at the same time to organize youth for its own ends, and this was later to become the *Hitlerjugend*.

### Age of Flaming Youth

In Italy, youth became Fascisti; in Russia, the Komsomol. In Anglo-Saxon countries, where the pattern was not so clear, it was largely just "flaming youth," for there youth was almost too anarchic and rebellious to submit to any of the disciplines which a strong organization demands. English-speaking youth became more conscious of the controls to which it was opposed than of the ends which it supported. The literature of the 'twenties was incandescent with revolt against all traditions, all sanctities and all stuffy old people. One recalls the popularity of such books as "The Revolt of Modern Youth" by the late Judge Lindsey with its plea for companionate marriage. In this revolt, youth was abetted by the popular psychology which advised people how to get rid of all their inhibitions, how to wake up and live! It looked as if youth were going to take the advice of those who had told it that the older set had failed to preserve the real values of life and that it was now up to them, all by themselves, to build a new world.

### Youth Lacks Experience

But what most people failed to see then was that all these youth movements were characterized less by youth than by the prevailing spirit of revolt and anarchy of the age, and that in general, this spirit of revolt was far from intelligent. In 1925 I was sent to Geneva by a New York organization for a year to assist one of the world's youth movements to prepare for an international conference, and to prepare and edit the material on the "Problems of Modern Youth" on which the discussion of that conference was to be based. When I left America, I was reasonably sure that youth was firmly resolved on freedom, but this enthusiasm was dampened on arrival in Europe by the assurance of my colleagues in the international office that whatever American youth wanted, European youth did not want freedom nearly as much as it wanted security. All it asked was the freedom to follow some leader who could get them out of the impossible mess which Europe had become. And when these leaders arose, European youth followed them with a tragic devotion. The forces of reaction on the one hand, and of unwitting radicalism on the other, captured these movements, and reinforced with such loyalty and submission, the destructive forces plunged the world into fresh chaos. Both Hitler and Mussolini were comparatively young men when they set out to "rescue" their respective countries, and they were surrounded by many other young men, equally embittered and equally omniscient. . . Unfortunately, not all young men have, at the age of 21, the genius and insight of the younger Pitt.

On this continent, there were many efforts to form youth movements and many efforts to capture them. Here and there across the land, small groups of young people met to discuss, without interference from their old-fogey elders, complicated problems in economics, race-relations and internationalism which defy even yet the wit of the experts. Some of this discussion was highly idealistic; some of it was shot through and through

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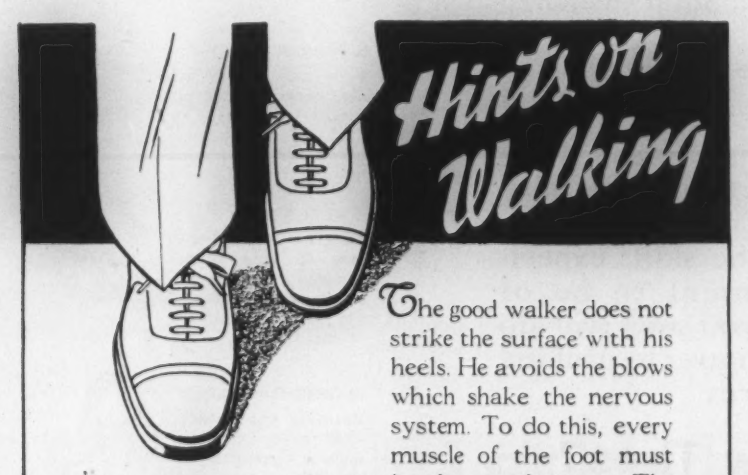


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with intrigue. Much of it was largely and unrealistically pacifist. Undoubtedly, it did serve the larger purposes of youth education, but for the most part it was utterly ineffective, since youth was trying to deal constructively with vast and difficult problems on a basis of mutual inexperience. And yesterday, as today and again tomorrow, inexperience can lead only to disaster. While youth has idealism, hope and endless reserves of energy as its greatest assets, it seldom possesses wisdom, experience or insight. These latter qualities cannot be imparted by short courses at night-schools or longer courses at universities, nor even by the cursory reading of Dale Carnegie's best-seller. They cannot even be acquired through continuous discussion-groups. They are essentially the by-products of experience and contact with life on many planes. And that is why any society which liquidates age and experience will get nowhere.

So flaming youth got us only into the present mess. And if there is one over-all lesson to be learned from the last twenty years, it is that there are no short-cuts to human blessedness, whether conceived in terms of security or of freedom. The pursuit of happiness alone is self-defeating, despite the caption of the radio serial: "The Right to Happiness." Discard the spiritual values in the name of freedom or security, and the ultimate chances of both freedom and security are gone! For one may say of happiness what Ozanam (quoted by Dean Inge) said of secularism, that it "promises men an earthly Paradise at the end of a flowery path, and leads them to a premature hell at the end of a way of blood."

And now, the world has turned to two rather oldish men to help it to get on its feet again — Winston Churchill, the irrepressible youth of 69, born in 1874, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, born in 1882 and a victor over infantile paralysis. It is well to note that in the last war Churchill was, among other things, First Lord of the Admiralty while Roosevelt was assistant secretary to the U.S. Navy. But when these two old boys were gaining a tremendous experience in responsibility, Corporal Hitler and Bersaglieri Corporal Benito Mussolini were nursing the heresy of Cain and planning vengeance on all and sundry! Today, the older men are putting these corporals in the guard-house where they belong. Thank God for age and experience!

## Should Work Together

If all this has any moral—and perhaps it hasn't—it is that during and after this war, we should be careful not to inspire in youth false hopes which can never be fulfilled except at the cost of liquidating a fair section of the human race, but to convince them that they alone do not have the key to all the mysteries and facts of life, and that all the generations which came before them were not strangely gullible. We must build a new age, to be sure, but a lasting and durable social order can never be constructed by discarding the distilled wisdom of the centuries. To the supreme task of reconstruction youth must bring its idealism, its teeming energy, its readiness for adventure and the unknown, but this must be balanced by the ripened wisdom which only maturity fosters and the insight which, for the most part, comes only in the process of living itself. It will require the happiest combination of youth and age, idealism and experience, to carry us all safely into the new day.

We shall, then, do well not to repeat after this war the mistakes of the nineteen-twenties by widening the gulf between youth and age, but should seek earnestly to hold these two sections of the population together in a common effort at reconstruction. This can best be done by the stable and enduring organizations in every community devoting special attention to the matter. They should make sure that youth has its proper place on all their councils, that the young are not left to go off by themselves to form youth movements which may prove to be merely blind, revolutionary and separatist forces, breathing fire or expelling wind in sheer frustration. By such a policy we shall be fulfilling the advice of the prophet and not only turn the hearts of the parents to the children, but also turn the hearts of the children to the parents. And filial piety is as much needed in the modern world as parental responsibility.

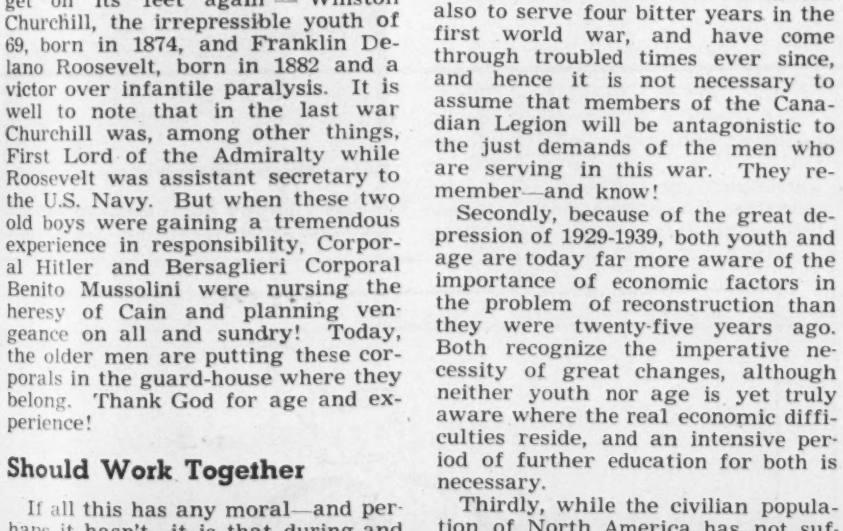
## Situation Changed Today

What is more, the situation today differs from that at the close of the last world war in several important respects, in all of which an accent on age becomes as necessary as an accent on youth. In the first place, the young who come back from this war will realize, if they are wise, that their fathers before them had also to serve four bitter years in the first world war, and have come through troubled times ever since, and hence it is not necessary to assume that members of the Canadian Legion will be antagonistic to the just demands of the men who are serving in this war. They remember—and know!

Secondly, because of the great depression of 1929-1939, both youth and age are today far more aware of the importance of economic factors in the problem of reconstruction than they were twenty-five years ago. Both recognize the imperative necessity of great changes, although neither youth nor age is yet truly aware where the real economic difficulties reside, and an intensive period of further education for both is necessary.

Thirdly, while the civilian population of North America has not suffered directly in this war except through minor deprivations, industrial dislocations and necessary separations, there will not be even here, and certainly not in Europe, any likelihood of a great division of opinion and sentiment between the combatant forces and the civilians, since the casualties among civilians have probably been as high—and in some countries, higher—as in the armed forces, and in this total war the usual lines of demarcation between combatants and non-combatants have been wiped out.

Fourthly, youth will do well to remember that since 1918, the section of the population which is over forty years of age has been steadily rising in proportion to other age-groups, and consequently we are reaching a stage in which the welfare of the older and more mature element of the population will become increasingly important since they may soon constitute even a majority in the population. They may have had a minor role to play in the winning of the war for obvious physical reasons. But that does not preclude them from an important function in the winning of the peace.



**Prams have been designed for twins or triplets, but this one was the idea of the matron in charge of a home for evacuated children in Britain. She knew that a change of scene kept the babies happy, and since there weren't enough nurses to go round she designed this outsize pram to hold six or twelve children at once. Here they are out for a ride.**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63

# Novel Exhibition Points Out Our Mission Role

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE

**The terrible effects of the war on the supply of clergy, both parochial and missionary, for the work of the Christian Church are causing religious authorities to take special pains to acquaint the public with the resultant problems.**

**The National Missionary Exhibition of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada is a unique undertaking which should have interest for Christians of every organization.**

**Canada will have a great responsibility to the whole world in the near future, for the Pope is calling upon the New World, and especially Canada and the United States, to "redress the balance of the Old."**

AN EVIDENCE of realistic post-war planning is the National Missionary Exhibition being held under Roman Catholic auspices in Toronto from October 15 to 19. The shortness of the run is due to the impossibility of getting Varsity Arena or any other large enough building in the city free from conflicting engagements for a longer period. Though the exhibits are on view only four days no effort or expense has been spared to make them as dramatically effective as possible.

Nearly all the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Canada will be in Toronto for the event. The Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, will officiate at the opening ceremony, and on the closing day the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, His Eminence Cardinal Villeneuve, will celebrate the Pontifical Mass. The Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, is President of the Exhibition and a letter of congratulation to him on the occasion has been addressed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. The initiative and direction of the Exhibition has been in the hands of the English-speaking part of the Church in Canada, with the leaders of the French-Canadian element cordially co-operating.

There is no hyperbole in saying that the supreme authority in the Church is calling upon the New World, and more specifically Canada and the United States, to redress the balance of the Old. With global war raging, and nearly all the Far East except India in Japanese occupation, there is inevitably an enormous dislocation and suspension of foreign missions. Much graver, from the long-term view which the Vatican is accustomed to take, are the effects of the war against the Church which has been waged in the Nazi-dominated countries of Europe. In practically the whole Continent of Europe there has been a closing of seminaries and a cessation of recruiting for the priesthood and the religious orders, both of men and women, who constitute the Active Armies of the Church.

### Part of Canadian Campaign

Germany, France, Italy, Poland, Holland and Belgium, which in the past have been the largest sources of manpower for the Catholic missions in Asia and Africa, will for a generation at least be desperately short of clergy and sisters for their own most essential religious needs. In Britain also the religious ranks will be decimated because young men who would normally be now in the seminaries have been drafted for the armed forces.

The Exhibition in Toronto is a major operation in the campaign undertaken by the Church to increase missionary zeal in Canada so that there may be a proportionate increase in financial support, and what is more important, in missionary vocations among the young, to become effective when peace conditions are restored to the mission fields.

Canada is itself in large part a mission field. The religious care of the Indians and Eskimos absorbs considerable resources and in all the West of Canada, outside a few large cities, the population is so scattered that it is impossible for the Church to be locally self-supporting and regular assistance must be provided from the settled parishes and dioceses of Eastern Canada. Hence Bishop Trocelier will come to Toronto from his vicariate of Mackenzie whose area extends to the North Pole. The largest booth at the Exhibition will be that of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada which has its headquarters in Toronto and which for over thirty years has been the principal supporter of the builders of the Church in the West.

### Ukrainians Represented

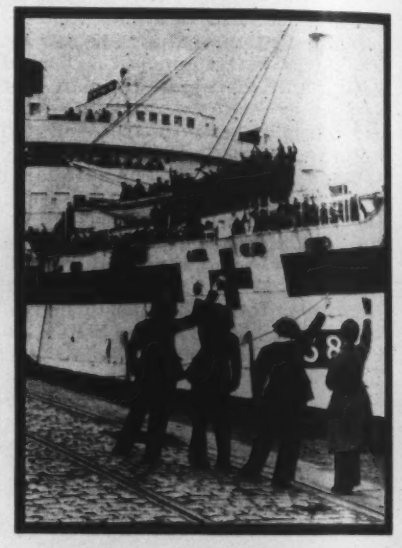
The Ukrainian Diocese of Canada will have its own booth, for the Catholic Ukrainians are distinguished not only by their numbers, in the hundreds of thousands, but by their non-Latin rite and their separate jurisdiction.

Among the exhibits of the foreign field that of China will be outstanding. The booth will be modelled after the ornate Temple of Confucius and inside will be representations of China in its multiple aspects, pagan and Christian, oriental and westernized, primitive and progressive. China has been the favorite foreign field for the missionary zeal of Canadian English-speaking Catholics. Just outside of Toronto is the seminary of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, founded fifteen years ago, which has trained seventy-four priests for China. The founder, Father John Fraser, is a native of Toronto and at the present moment he is interned by the Japanese in Manila. The Ottawa-born Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, of the Passionist Order, whose diocese is in the Province of Hunan, will be a visitor to the Toronto Exhibition.

### Chinese Delegate

Outstanding among the foreign visitors will be Bishop Paul Yu-Pin, a native of Manchuria, whom the Pope appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Nanking, then the capital of China, just a year before the Japanese invasion of his country. He is a close friend and associate of Chiang-Kai-shek and is at present in the United States as the envoy of the Chinese Government. Long before Pearl Harbor his championship of the cause of his country earned for him the name of "the Cardinal Mercier of China."

The general architectural design of the Exhibition is due to Mr. James Haffa, M.R.A.I.C., and it will be found pleasing to the historical imagination. The entrance to the Arena is through a façade of one of those incomparable medieval cathedrals that so nobly symbolized the victory of Christianity in Europe over both civilized and barbarian paganism. A statue of Christ, of heroic size, emphasizes the same historic fact and dominates the whole scene. A grotesque totem pole suggests the ugly evils from which Christianity brought deliverance. Different booths will bear the names of the most historic religious orders as well as the more modern ones. The Blackrobes of North America will be side by side with the White Fathers of Africa in their Arab costume—the gandura, a white outer garment, and the burnous, a white headdress. Amongst the women's orders represented will be the Ursulines who established their first mission school in Canada in 1639 and who are still conducting missions under pioneer conditions in the West while in the East they provide the most superior kind of high school and college education for girls and young women.



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# if

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*Shakespeare: "As You Like It" Act V. Sc. IV.*

**if** has been the tragic word that overshadows a Europe in the dark. Every conquered country depended on IFS that failed. If they had the guns. If they had the planes. If they had the men to meet and stem the crush of Nazi tyranny. These were their "ifs". Now it's up to us. Our IF can count!

**if** we are going to back the mounting invasions . . .

**if** we are ready to do our share in shortening the war . . .

**if** we are willing to pledge dollars against lives and against peace . . .

**if** we set store by this Canadian way of life . . . if we want Victory . . . we'll buy Victory Bonds. Not just a single Bond. Not just as many as we feel we should buy. We'll buy more than we expected—if we want Victory.

**if** *you do your share . . .*
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**BOVRIL** *"MEETS" the RATION*


# Now It's the "Whitton Plan"

BY HIRAM McCANN

**Small but mighty, Dr. Charlotte Elizabeth Whitton, C.B.E., M.A., D.C.L., formerly Executive Director of the Canadian Welfare Council, has long since placed her mark on Canada's national life. One of the most distinguished graduates of Queen's University, she has been, except for four years as secretary to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, completely involved in social welfare work. She has been honoured by the present King and his father for her work in child protection and has been to no small extent responsible for the fact that Canada is among leading nations of the world in this special activity. She is known around the world for her knowledge of social service and her sane approach to it, having been for several years Canadian delegate on social questions to the League of Nations at Geneva.**

MANY people will, with us, rejoice in the fact that a woman has come through with a social security plan for Canada. There are few precedents, but those are powerful: Queen Elizabeth established the Poor Law in England in 1601; and Beatrice Webb three centuries later, in her work on Local Government and the Poor Laws, changed the course of British social history. There are few precedents, but a great deal of logic in a woman writing such a plan, for women in welfare, in religious endeavor and in their social hobbies have always tried to make up to the unfortunate for the insecurity created by society.

The lady who has the plan is Dr. Charlotte Whitton and she has put it in a book, "The Dawn of Ampler Life", published by Macmillan's last week. The project, commenced as a piece of research under a retainer from John Bracken, involves an analysis of the Beveridge and Marsh reports as well as a study of the Heagerty Health Insurance bill and the Report of the National Resources Planning Board of the United States. Research led to conclusions; conclusions led to planning; so now we have a "Whitton Plan"! And whether we approve of it or not, the fact that Miss Whitton wrote it and the fact that it contains such a thoughtful consideration of economic and political factors peculiar to Canada, makes it important reading.

"The character of this country and its people" is the basis of the plan—that, and its probable future economic development as judged from the most significant pre-war and current trends. Like other plans, this one involves the necessity of an assessment of the probable peak at which Canada's national income can be held. This, it is claimed, will be around six-and-a-half to seven billion dollars a year, based on the fact that working at any reasonable rate of "wear and tear", a million workers can create a billion-and-a-quarter dollars to a billion-and-a-half, and that Canada will have at the most 4,200,000 gainfully occupied persons over sixteen when the war ends. This, it will be noted, is a much lower estimate of future national income than others made recently. Having made this assessment, it is then necessary to consider ways and means of influencing its capacity and its distribution to afford a reasonably adequate standard of income for the average mature worker.

## "Social Utilities"

The Beveridge plan, it will be remembered, is calculated as resting on 48 weeks payments in each 52 for the person insured, and as likely to break down if 10 per cent of the insured population is unemployed. Here Miss Whitton has had the courage to consider Swedish and Russian ideas on the subject, because their climates, like ours, tend to create relatively heavy seasonal unemployment in many trades. One out of every four or five Canadian workers doesn't have more than thirty weeks' work in a year; one in three doesn't have more than forty weeks' work. Also she has found that neither income insurance nor social security for all the people can be tied to a payroll, because over thirty per cent of the people who need the protection are "own workers", shopkeepers, farmers, private artisans, etc. Canada, she estimates, is not likely to evolve a more highly industrialized economy than she now has, so these percentages will probably stand. And the post-war decentralization of industry will be likely to augment them.

So the lady breaks down welfare security in such a way as to extend its benefits "to all according to their needs"; she calls for Social Utilities, Social Assistance and Income Insurance. "Social Utilities" she classes as those requisites to decent living standards which it is not practical nor economical for the individual to provide for himself—schools, hospitals, sanatoria, children's services, institutions for special care, etc. Some of these are better developed in Can-

Dr. Charlotte Whitton


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*. . but today it's not a tragedy*

Children and mischief have always been inseparable in the age-old process of growing up. But somehow today the broken windows, the roller skates on the stairs, and the pools of water on the bathroom floor are not as serious as once upon a time.

The horrors that face little ones in less fortunate countries can well make Canadian parents breathe a prayer of gratitude that here all youngsters are safe.

Let's keep them safe—always.

Victory Bonds will do it—by guaranteeing enough of everything for the final blast against the enemies of our way of life.

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ada right now than most people realize because they have grown up within a widely diversified provincial and municipal framework. Miss Whitton would use this framework as the basis of her Social Utilities program to cover all people by agreed standards of service designed to meet these needs. She would definitely not use cash allowances but services in kind for children, and she points out that the entire expenditure in primary and secondary schools in Canada is only about one hundred and fifty million dollars a year, which, if doubled, would still be less than half what cash allowances would involve—and would provide better schools, better teachers with better salaries, better scholarship funds and a better citizenry. No matter how calculated with "offsets" Miss Whitton says any system of cash bonus at $9 per month per child under 16 years will aggregate $375 to $400 million annually, and she wants any amount that comes so close to the entire pre-war budget of the Dominion to go to the actual protection and welfare of child life. This, she argues, calls for more health, nutrition, protection, training and educational provisions, guaranteed to all children. In other words this means more, and more accessible, social utilities.

Having set up a Social Utilities system in which the basic administration would be through municipal and provincial authorities, Miss Whitton would supplement their taxation income from a federal fund. The whole structure would be supervised by a Dominion Assistance Board which would be representative of the Dominion, the nine provinces, municipalities and other bodies involved, such as medical, nursing, dental associations, hospital associations, welfare agencies, etc. The author would leave to private practice, whether medical, scholastic or other, the services over and above the agreed utility standards. The utilities would definitely include medical care to an agreed standard, on this basis. Of course, those who did not wish to use the public services could still, as in education, buy their own private services.

### "Income Insurance"

She would then inaugurate a system of "Income Insurance", covering, through income tax deductions, all those within the tax-paying group and all others below it, capable of paying minimum income insurance premiums. Miss Whitton proposes to remove from the Assistance level all those who can be insured against income loss. Taking the premiums out by means of the income tax through the same system now used for forced savings would make the accounting simple, would remove a great burden of bookkeeping from business, and would make possible the insuring of the incomes of the "own workers" mentioned above. This would be financed on a national basis, since tied to the income tax, but would be administered by a Dominion Insurance Board. The Insurance Board would be an independent corporation with a separate budget of its own, governed by representatives of the Dominion, the nine provinces and the insured themselves, by occupational groups, including employers, employees, "own workers", of all ranks, professional, farm, and houseworkers, as eligible for benefit. Above this level of insured income benefit which she would set at half of a person's level of income tax exemption, would be the field for private and corporate insurance. Miss Whitton's researches on the matter indicate that, where minimum state insurance has been tried in whole or in part, incentive to production and enterprise increases. It is as though people, knowing they have a cushion to light on, are not afraid to try their wings.

For all not insurable, or "falling out" of insurance, a defence would be available according to this plan in Social Assistance, administered by the local governments close to the people, with subsidy and general standards under the Dominion Assistance and Utilities Board. The Dominion Assistance Fund would be voted annually by Parliament. It would provide Assistance to non-insured, aged, etc.; (for a large number of whom Miss Whitton urges special care is needed not in ordinary hospitals as at present, where costs are high, but in special localized homes); to the unemployable, and all cases not covered completely by either of the other two sections of the pan. With the population insured at the tax-paying level, this Fund would be able to contribute directly to non-insurable needs, and Provinces and municipalities would be able to plan with decent standards, and on a regular basis for the needy without the uncertainty of emergency relief or the stigma of "public charity".

Miss Whitton has some other ideas. Preference in low-cost housing under government loan would be given to families with young children. Builders would borrow government-guaranteed money cheaper for this purpose than for "barren" apartments. She feels that suburban and small-city and town life is natural to Canadians as is freedom of enterprise and one-man or family business, and she has potent arguments to show how her plan would fit "the character of this country and its people."


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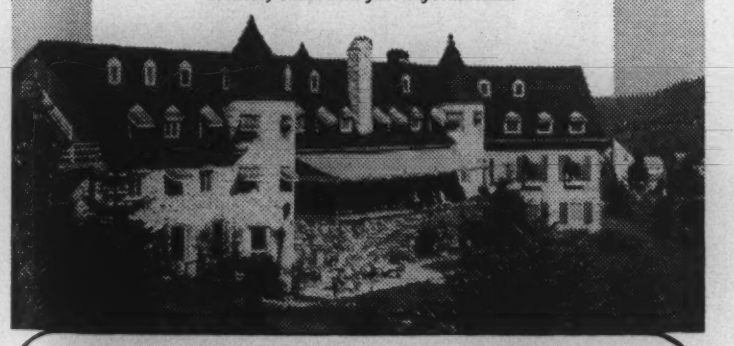

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Sure we'll win but that's not the only factor. The important factor is HOW SOON. Bear this in mind: the longer the war lasts the greater our losses will be in human lives.

Our fighting men are surging forward . . . giving their every ounce of strength. Here, at home, let us prove that we, too, can follow through in smashing style . . . smashing our objective . . . going over the top with that one billion, two hundred million dollars.

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# The "Canada Foundation" Can Do a Needed Job

**Government agencies are not the best machinery for the important task of teaching Canadians to know their own country and one-another better. A privately financed agency such as the prospective Canada Foundation can do much of this work far more effectively.**

**The Canadian Committee is a temporary body doing an experimental work among the R.A.F. men stationed in Canada, in pursuance of a report by Michael Huxley. But this work is providing a priceless fund of information about the methods to be employed in dealing with the permanent long-range problem.**

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

IN THE work marked out for themselves by the founders of "The Canadian Committee" and "The Canada Foundation" lie a great variety of intriguing possibilities. The public, so far, has heard little of these organizations, the one a fact and functioning actively, the other a potentiality which has not yet emerged from its formative stage.

It is quite likely, however, that Canadians will hear a lot of the Canada Foundation in years to come, particularly those who are concerned with education and the arts. Its promoters, a few people with some money and promises of more, have undertaken a big job which might in part be outlined as the job of making Canadians better acquainted with one another and so overcoming some of the misunderstandings which prevail between East and West, farm and city, English-speaking and French-speaking.

As stated by the promoters the primary functions of the Canada Foundation will be: (1) to encourage Canadians in gaining a better knowledge and understanding of their own country and its place in the family of nations; (2) to stimulate an increasing regard for Canada among the peoples of other countries.

Lacking a federal department of education or a department of popular culture such as some countries have attempted, Canada lacks a central agency for the clearing of information on the cultural and artistic resources of the country and for planning and encouraging cultural and artistic advances. The Foundation could readily step into this sphere and, by a judicious expenditure of the private funds it expects to dispose of, accomplish things which a governmental department could not accomplish.

## Ministry of Culture

In the domestic field the Foundation might well serve the purpose of a ministry of education or culture which would be of doubtful constitutional practicability in Canada. In the external sphere it could enlarge upon and discharge the functions now being performed by the War-time Information Board, which is not a permanent establishment.

The opportunity for some organization, broadly based but privately financed, independent of politics, doing something to tie Canada a little more firmly together, should be obvious after the course of events in the present war. Political, constitutional and economic bonds need to be supplemented by the more human bonds of wider personal contacts between different groups and classes and freer exchange of ideas and information.

With their controversies, elections and plebiscite, the war events have shown that most Canadians are aware of themselves as a nation and want to do the right thing by their country but they are not agreed on what the right thing is. At the root of much of their disagreement lies not so much different views on fundamental issues as misunderstanding and distrust of the views and motives of other groups in the country. The ideas prevalent among some groups of Canadians about other groups are too often based on outdated information somewhat garbled in transmission from one generation to another.

One such idea is that frequently expressed by French-speaking Canadians to the effect that all English-speaking Canadians whether their origin be Scottish, Irish, German or Scandinavian have no Canadian national sentiment and are always ready to place the interests of England before those of Canada. There are similar disruptive and erroneous ideas entertained by English-speaking Canadians about the French, by Maritimers about the rest of Canada, by Westerners about Easterners, by farmers about business corporations, by city-dwellers about the farmers.

The writer is not in the confidence of the promoters of the Canada Foundation as to what they propose to do to accomplish their objective or approach its accomplishment. Very likely they have not yet worked their plans out in detail. There are, however, some lines of action which might be fruitful and which may be under consideration.

Promotion of travel within Canada by young people is one. The war is doing much in that direction through the movement about the country of members of the armed forces and transfers of workers in civilian activity, but such movements will stop when hostilities end.

## Many Possibilities

Through exchange scholarships in university and travel prizes for outstanding students a large number of the potential leaders of the future could be given a wider appreciation of their country. Students about to enter a university in one province might be persuaded to attend a university in another province by an agency which would make up the difference in cost due to travelling expenses. A week in Quebec each summer for 1000 Ontario high school students and a week in Ontario for a corresponding number from Quebec would, over a 20-year period, pay big dividends in inter-racial understanding.

A more general awareness of

themselves as Canadians among the population as a whole could be brought about by encouraging mutual visiting by service clubs and their officials, by provincial and municipal officials. It should not be too difficult for an organization which has influential persons to speak for it to get a custom established whereby the premier of Ontario is entertained once a year by the Quebec Legislature and makes a speech in Quebec with the premier of Quebec making a similar yearly trip to Toronto for the same purpose.

The effective distribution of informative books on Canada, its provinces and its institutions is another approach which could be exploited. Small public libraries and school libraries need advice and sometimes financial assistance in keeping abreast of publications which should be on their shelves. A worthwhile service both in the domestic field and in spreading a knowledge of Canada abroad could be performed by making available a bibliography of books on Canada and providing information as to those which can be obtained and where. The work done in this connection by the Toronto Public Library could be made much more widely known.

This is work which can not be done by a government agency successfully. Certain government propaganda agencies such as the National Film Board and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation make important contributions to a better national spirit, but they are able to do so because their main function is providing a service not otherwise obtainable. They would be suspected of subservience to the Government in power, of catering to this or that group, if they attempted a frontal attack on certain cherished prejudices.

### Private Agency Best

A non-governmental agency, disposing of private funds, can escape suspicion in this regard where a government agency cannot, and can afford to ignore suspicion when it is directed at it. At the same time if it is to enjoy the respect essential to the work it undertakes, considerable care must be exercised in the selection of members of its governing body, and the more varied sources from which it draws its funds the better.

Discovery of one particular war-created problem in human relations and the decision to do something about it set in motion a train of events leading up to the move to create the Foundation. The work done on the immediate problem also provides a fund of information and a test of methods of approach to the long-range problem.

A large number of Royal Air Force personnel are stationed in Canada for the duration of the war, operating air training schools. These English airmen were none too happy. They were away from home, often in isolated communities lacking in recreation facilities. They perform an essential service but lack the satisfaction of seeing immediate results and facing the risks of battle which makes life bearable for the front-line soldier even when he spends long periods in a strange land.

With an eye to the morale of these men, many of them skilled mechanics, engineers, accountants, administrators, Michael Huxley was sent to Canada to make a survey of R.A.F. stations by the British Council which sponsors a program in Britain designed to enable members of Canadian forces to obtain a wider knowledge of the United Kingdom. Mr. Huxley's report, among other things, found the R.A.F. men in Canada wanted to know more about the country in which they were stationed but of which they saw comparatively little beyond their own station. His suggestion was to tell them about Canada and get them interested in the country in order to make them happier in their work here.

An anonymous donor came forward with a contribution of a sum of money for "the promotion of cultural relations between Canada and the United Kingdom" through a program of Canadian education of R.A.F service men.

### The Canadian Committee

To carry out the program the Canadian Committee was formed and the Canadians whose assistance was invoked decided to make the committee the basis for a long-range and essentially Canadian program of activity. Mr. Justice J. T. Thorson, President of the Exchequer Court of Canada and former Minister of National War Services, is chairman and other members are John Grierson, National Film Board Commissioner and general manager of the Wartime Information Board; E. A. Corbett, director of the Canadian Council for Adult Education; George de T. Glazebrook, professor of history at the University of Toronto temporarily serving in the External Affairs Department; and A. D. Dunton, editor of the Montreal *Standard* and on the staff of the Wartime Information Board.

As executive secretary the committee has Walter B. Herbert, formerly Assistant Director of Public Information and a journalist and publicity man of wide experience in both Eastern and Western Canada.

The Canadian Committee is a temporary body functioning to carry out the project with the R.A.F. men in Canada and organizing the Canada Foundation. It is proposed that the latter be incorporated with a charter and constitution somewhat similar to such public service organizations as the Pilgrim Trust, the Rockefeller Foundation, the British Council and the Carnegie Institute.

Funds with which to carry on the Foundation's work are being subscribed, and while no special campaign has been conducted the financial side of the undertaking is understood to be progressing satisfactorily.

When the committee went to work on its job with the R.A.F. it found that an opportunity to "sell" Canada to a group of young Englishmen and so promote good relations for this country in the future was being missed. Each R.A.F. station had a lending library but there were few books on Canada. One of the committee's first moves was to present each R.A.F. station library with a collection of Canadian books and to stock reading-rooms with a selection of Canadian periodicals. Many reading-rooms had United States magazines but none published in Canada.

Arrangements for the showing of Canadian films, the distribution of reproductions of Canadian pictures for hanging in mess and recreation rooms, and the provision of lecturers and speakers were other steps taken in carrying out the committee's plan.


# There are some things we must talk over...*with our conscience!*

LET *me* speak to you this once.

You know me well. For I am your *conscience* . . . that voice which speaks from within.

I will not let you forget those dark, fearsome days of this war. Those were days of despair for you. You prayed for a miracle to save your world. You promised anything—everything—in return.

Well . . . you have had your miracle. Now what of your promises?

Money, you once said, had no value if you were enslaved. At that time nothing was of any value compared with the freedom you might lose.

So you gave of your time and your talents to help fight slavery. And you took your money and sent it to war.

That was good. That helped. But that was yesterday.

Today you are able to see victory in sight. Are you going to be as strong and determined while *winning* as you were while *losing?*

It's your decision. It's your war. And it's *your* money that is needed now in this Victory Loan. You gladly loaned your money to help fight off slavery. You must do it again. This time to smash and banish the enemy from the face of the earth.

The money will help to pay for the greatest destructive might ever amassed by armed forces. It takes lots of money. MORE MONEY than we've ever spent before!

This is why I—your conscience—speak to you. You *must* buy Victory Bonds to help speed the victory.

You know that it *is* possible for this war to go on and on. But you also know that buying Victory Bonds now . . . buying and buying and buying them as you never did before . . . is the best way you can help to bring the boys back home *sooner*. Don't let it be on your conscience!

*Speed the Victory*

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NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE



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# Facts Must Be Faced If We Want a Better World

BY AUDREY ALEXANDRA BROWN

**The author of this article is not only one of Canada's most accomplished living poets, but also a thinker of serious quality; her poetry is not merely pretty stuff about the charms of nature.**

**She here sets out five of the chief things—the "Freedoms" and their companions—that most of us expect to get as a result of the war, and asks whether we are prepared to pay the price—out of our pockets and out of our special privileges.**

**And when you have read the article you won't be sure that we are so prepared.**

THE year is turning towards winter, but here is spring in our hearts. All over the world—surely even in the starving dungeon that is Europe—there is a new and thrilling stir that is more than hope, that is the actual promise of eventual victory. As we look out on a sky still dim but steadily growing more luminous—as we see the road before us, still long but bright with the beginning of glorious day—surely this is a time to think, a time to examine ourselves more soberly and earnestly than we have been ready to do heretofore. We are on our way: now, more than at any previous moment in history, it is necessary that we should know where we are going.

The chief reason why we came late and unprepared into this war—a war which thinking men had long seen to be inevitable—was precisely this, that we were too lazy, too cowardly, or too intellectually dishonest to be willing to examine ourselves in relation to the events of our time. We wanted not so much to repudiate our responsibilities as to ignore them. So we were still self-consciously looking the other way when they caught up with us. Because we were taken unaware, many who were more innocent than ourselves have suffered; and we have endured much and must endure more before the end. We were fools to let it happen once: we shall be criminals if we let it happen again. Our freedom was bought with a price and must be maintained at a price. It cost blood: it demands awareness.

We know that when, at whatever time in the future, we are faced with the bill for this war, we shall find it almost beyond comprehension. To fight with any chance of success we have been compelled to mobilise all our resources. We shall not be nearly so rich, either actually or potentially, at the end of hostilities. And we shall inherit a world which has been largely laid waste, and populations that are literally starving. This is part of the price that we have paid for a lesson that we cannot afford to learn twice. This is part—only part—of what it has cost to teach us to know ourselves. Has it taught us? Everyone who shouts "Let's get on with the winning of the war first" is helping to demonstrate that it has not. We must win the war indeed: the alternative is death. But we have to know why we are fighting this war or we shall not know how to win it. *We must know where we are going, for we are on our way.*

## What We Look For

There is a new world around the corner. Most of us admit—eagerly, dubiously, or regretfully—that whatever life may be like in the future, it will not be the life we have known in the past. Most of us, whatever our political stripe, believe (1) that in the post-war world the rich will be very much poorer and the poor considerably better off. (2) We expect to see social legislation put into effect that will ensure protection for children, for mothers, for the sick and for the aged. (3) We look forward to the only equality possible among men—equality of opportunity. (4) We expect to see tariff barriers either removed or so far modified that world trade will become a reality. (5) Since it has been shown that there is no unemployment in time of total war, we believe that men will never again tolerate unemployment in time of peace.

These things may or may not be our desire, but they are our expectation. They will have to be paid for—not only in money, but by some sacrifices of self-interest, and even some sacrifices of what we have considered personal freedom. Are we prepared to pay? We won't like it. When progress touches our pockets (and our privileges) we will object, and loudly. We'd better begin to accustom ourselves to the prospect beforehand.

It is not only the "vested interests" that will complain. The most vehement opposition to some humanitarian projects in the past has come from organized labor. It was organized labor that blocked large-scale plans for selected immigration, which would have relieved some of the strain on Europe and would have hastened the development of Canada into a first-class power. It was organized labor which, after the German occupation of Czecho-Slovakia, attempted with partial success to prevent the transference of the Bata shoe factory to Canada.

## We Can't Shut Our Gates

Most tragic and terrible of all, it was organized labor which shut the doors of the nations against that pitiful Odyssey of the Jews, who were turned back from one harbor after another until, despairing, they took refuge in death. I intend no indictment of labor: the men who did these things acted for reasons which they thought sufficient, and because we permitted such things to be done we must all bear some degree of the responsibility for them. But will we permit such things to be done in a post-war world? Unless the nature of man has changed out of all recognition, they will be tried.

We have been told that, as one of the world's granaries, it will be for us to help feed ruined Europe for some years after the war. Most of us will not grudge that. Looking at photographs of young children deformed by rickets or bloated in the last stages of starvation, we will not grumble too audibly at continued rationing or even some shortages. But we owe post-war Europe something more than our surplus food. We have no right to shut our gates against our kindred of the Old World. We were here first; but that cannot give us exclusive possession of one of the earth's richest inheritances. We (and all other under-populated countries) will have to open our doors, whether we like it or not. And some of us will dislike it intensely. Twenty-one per cent of Canada—including forty-six per cent of Quebec—recently went on record, via the Gallup poll, as opposed to *any* immigration, selected or otherwise. To put it bluntly, one in every five of our fellow-Canadians is determined to enact King Canute and command the tide. They would bar out even their blood-kindred of Britain and France. Whether this is or is not ethical is beside the point—which is, that it cannot be done.

## The Color Bar?

We may have a flood of the overflow of all lands. Or we may have selected immigration, so handled as to keep every bloc in balance and prevent any one group from gaining undue predominance over the rest. That is our only choice. But we have that choice.

We have agreed (perhaps the more readily because we have no colonies) that the day of ancient imperialism is over. We are quite willing to see other nations hand over their foreign holdings, for we ourselves have none. But are we as complacent over the reverse side of this policy, which concerns us perhaps more immediately than any other country in the world?

We are going to have to face it when the war is over. We had better begin to think about it now.

What about the color bar?

In this war our great allies (besides the united free nations of Europe) are the Americans, the Russians and the Chinese. Do we make no difference in our private minds between the first two of these groups and the third? It is perfectly possible to feel warm sentimentality about abstract China, and to look with slightly less favor on a concrete Chinaman.

## Equality Means No Prejudice

To get more immediately to the point: eighteen months ago my own province of British Columbia seethed with an anti-Japanese fury to which there has at no time been any anti-German parallel. Certainly this was partly due to the fact that the Pacific coast was directly imperilled by Japan. Certainly it was partly due to a neighborly indignation over the treachery at Pearl Harbor. And certainly it cannot be entirely divorced from the fact that the Japanese are yellow instead of white. The gentleman who wrote to a Victoria newspaper that "the Japanese will always hate us because he knows that on account of the color of his skin he is and always will be considered an inferior" may not be widely representative but he is far from unique.

Few of us would word it so crudely; few of us would fail to note (as this gentleman apparently did) that his argument condemns Asia and Africa, a large part of the Americas, and even some portion of British Columbia itself, as well as Japan. But the color bar exists: and worse, the effect of the color bar unconsciously influences even the intelligent and civilized. Some of us may truly claim that we could meet the yellow, red, brown or black on terms of complete equality. But can we as honestly say that our attitude is so instinctive that we don't secretly think of it as unusual and commendable?

We may say that we don't want people of other races for our neighbors because their habits are usually insanitary and their customs often immoral. It is our responsibility—collectively and individually — to make them otherwise. And when we have raised their standard of living it won't compete with our own. There will never be equality among the five nations of the world until we take equality for granted. Until that day, the colored races will regard us with suspicion and resentment. Is that day even in sight? We shall do well to take time to consider how we can bring it nearer—and how soon.

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JIM HAS . . .

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Kellogg's Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat are gently laxative, help supply valuable minerals and proteins too . . . help *keep* you fit for *extra* things!

IF YOU want to keep fit for extra things, take these two steps to health: 1. To *get* well, see your doctor; 2. To *keep* well, watch your habits. Guard against incomplete elimination. Eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every* day. Ask for the golden-yellow package—either the regular or the *new* Family package. Begin tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

KEEP FIT WITH KELLOGG'S *every day in the year!*

# THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

## Books on Our Problems

BY B. K. SANDWELL

UNEMPLOYMENT, observes Mr. Edgar M. Queeny in his book "The Spirit of Enterprise", is the growing pains that are characteristic of our liberal civilization's social order. This might be a tolerable reflection—except to the unemployed—if there were any prospect that our liberal civilization's social order would cease to grow and therefore to suffer growing pains; but Mr. Queeny does not hold out much hope that this is the case. If we want to avoid growing pains we shall apparently have to get some other kind of a social order—perhaps one that will not grow!

Now the desire to avoid large-scale unemployment is probably the most universally operative factor in the whole of our political thinking at the present time. It is, I think, far more widely operative than the desire to avoid war. The desire to avoid war is now, in North American thinking, greatly mitigated by the conviction that it is impossible; the belief that large-scale unemployment can be avoided is almost universal—certainly as universal as the belief that America at least could avoid war was a few years ago.

Much of Mr. Queeny's book (Scribner, New York, $2) is a very able attack upon the New Deal and upon the mentality of its prophets and especially of its forerunner Thorstein Veblen. But the New Deal followed, it did not precede, the Great Depression of 1929 onwards. So the thing that Mr. Queeny is attacking cannot be held responsible for the unemployment whose recurrence is the chief dread today of workers, politicians, and even capitalists, who can see with considerable clarity that such recurrence would spell the end of the capitalistic system. You cannot get people much interested in the defence of "freedom" if they think that under "freedom" they are going to run a one-in-three chance of being dependent on breadlines for their nourishment every ten years or so.

In some directions Mr. Queeny is more optimistic than even the New Dealers. He thinks that Congress could prevent pressure groups by passing a law to "forbid anyone who receives compensation from more than one individual or enterprise from exercising influence directly or indirectly on any legislation"! He wants business men "to provide the people with the full advantage of competition", and Congress to prohibit competitors from merging! In journalism he wants the editorial pages to "be made into forums like radio, which is required to grant both sides equal opportunity to be heard"! He wants collective bargaining restored "to its classical conception—that of a group of men dealing in concert directly with their employer"! All this involves a faith in the effectiveness of legislation which is little short of pathetic. And still Mr. Queeny will not trust legislation to put an end to large-scale unemployment!

THIS is not to say that Mr. Queeny does not make out a very able case against the National Planning method of dealing with the problem; he does. But he does not address his argument to the one point in the National Planning theory which constitutes its chief appeal to the mass of people. A much better job is done on this point by Harold G. Moulton's pamphlet, "The New Philosophy of Public Debt" (Brookings Institution, Washington), which gets after the Alvin Hansen-Stuart Chase doctrine that debt is good and economy is bad in a manner almost as persuasive as that of those two brilliant advocates themselves. Mr. Hansen is the inventor of the delightful phrase "net income-creating expenditures of the government" to describe a treasury deficit.

Mr. Moulton holds the belief, which I have already expressed several times in these columns, that excessive borrowing by the state leads inevitably to inflation. To prevent that inflation, he says, "we should have to control wage rates and farm incomes; we should have to regulate corporate earnings; we should have to control investment; we should have to ration commodities; we should have to license foreign trade; we should have to supervise, and possibly close, the security and commodity markets. Given regimentation of virtually every phase of economic life, the process of inflation might be held in leash." Yet "The principal advocates of the new philosophy of public debt have . . . expressed themselves as opposed to regimentation, as strongly in favor of the system of free enterprise."

MR. QUEENY tells us that the word "individualism" was introduced into the English language by the translator of de Tocqueville, the earliest writer on the political economy of the United States, and that the thing itself is to be found in its highest development in the American people of the nineteenth century. Mr. W. H. Moore, M.P., who now gives us "When the Iron is Hot" (Printers Guild Ltd., Pickering, Ont.), is Canada's greatest apostle of individualism. Unlike Mr. Queeny, he gives reasons for the periods of mass unemployment of the past, and particularly for that of 1929 onwards. He says, and I think rightly, that they are due to interference by the state (not any one particular state, but states all over the world) with the free operation of economic individualism. "When the governments of the wheat-exporting countries (*e.g.* Canada and Australia) had intervened with farm credits, freight rates, assistance for storage, marketing facilities, etc., the European countries, under pressure, retaliated with increased subsidies and protective tariffs." And again: "Interventionism, it will be observed, is a cumulative thing; when it had dislocated the relation between factory and field there came a demand to patch matters up by state action with finance."

Mr. Moore's booklet is a magnificent and most philosophical plea, but is it a plea for anything that can be attained in the second half of the twentieth century? (Mr. Moore is not at all sure about that himself, for he certainly thinks it possible that modern civilization may be committing suicide.) His doctrine implies a return to almost everything that characterized the politico-economic life of the middle of the nineteenth century. But in that period freedom of movement of persons (so far as their economic ability permitted, and steerage travel was cheap) was almost as universal as freedom of movement of goods and of money. This worked all right while there were great unoccupied continents waiting for population, and while the Oriental peoples were still indisposed to migrate on any large scale. Can it possibly work in the world of today? And can you have the other freedoms which Mr. Moore admires (they are not freedoms from want or fear, as to which he is somewhat cynical) without this freedom to move about? In 1843 it was the European race which, practically by itself, was carrying on the free individualism which Mr. Moore likes, and that race did not then in the least object to seeing Russians settling in France and Canada, Germans pouring into Russia, and all Western Europe sending millions into the United States. But today the economic world includes Chinese and Japanese and Indians, peoples with a standard of living barely above starvation; can they be a part of our economic structure to the extent of our exchanging goods and capital with them, and no part of it in the matter of exchanging population? In a word, can the world again become an economic unit as it was in effect in 1843?


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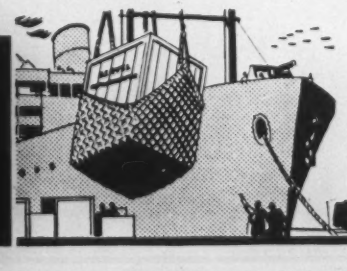

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# THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

**All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto**

## A Dazzling Success Story

LIFE IS TOO SHORT. An autobiography by C. Kay-Scott. (Longmans, Green, $4.50.)

THIS is the most amazing story of the year, or even of any year. The wildest fiction pales before it. By all the usual standards of judgment it is completely incredible, and yet it is the work-a-day record of one man's seventy years of furious living. Dr. Frederick Creighton Wellman, as a young man, married a missionary-minded girl and went with her to Angola, in Central Africa. While there he made a special study of Tropical Medicine, discovered at least two diseases unknown to the medical world, fixed upon the insect carriers, and as a side-issue made an exhaustive study of beetles and insects. He was elected a Fellow of sixteen scientific societies of various countries, and on returning to America taught Preventive Medicine in the University of California, at Oakland Medical College and at Tulane University, New Orleans.

Having by this time had two matrimonial experiences he complicated things by an elopement, changed his name and went to Brazil as Cyril Kay-Scott. Incidentally it should be mentioned that he was a natural linguist, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese, besides varied African dialects. In Brazil he got a job as a book-keeper for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Within a month he had discovered an elaborate series of defalcations by the local managers, and soon was General Superintendent of the Company's Brazil interests. He left that to take up sheep-ranching, but when everything seemed to be going well a murrain destroyed his flocks and he was penniless, working for a year as a laborer.

Hearing of a manganese mine sixty miles away, he borrowed a suit and a pair of shoes from a negro neighbor, walked to the mine, got a job, and in an incredibly short time was Superintendent of the mine and an expert in mining engineering. He was called to New York and offered large rewards to be the Company's representative in Brazil.

Instead, he went to Europe, and within a year or so had made a high reputation as a painter. His first exhibition of sixty canvases drew superlative praise from the art critics and forty-five of the pictures were sold. He returned to America and heard the praise duplicated. Then he established an Art School in Denver, Colorado, and in the meantime had written two novels and an abundant lot of magazine articles. He became Dean of the University Art School.

He discarded wives as easily as he discarded professions, and his true love was found not with a wife but with a mistress, whose death left him disconsolate but not wholly dismayed. His four sons and one daughter are already eminent in their own right.

The book is written with sublime egotism but with immense charm. After reading it we are convinced that the Horatio Alger success stories are mere trivia. Horatio was a piker.

## Flicka's Colt

THUNDERHEAD, by Mary O'Hara. (Longmans, Green. $3.00.)

WYOMING and the foot-hills of the Rockies where Rob McLaughlin has his horse-ranch and is losing money year after year, fighting-down his anxieties, trying one and another device for recovery; none of which succeeds, and walled-off from his wife by the shame of failure; this is the human setting of an amazing and powerful book.

His two boys, Howard and Ken, have been horsemen since they were first in pants, keenly aware of the miracles of selective breeding, familiar with horse-temperament and horse-sense as a school-teacher is aware of the pupils before him. It was Ken who had saved the life of *Flicka*, his very own colt, by sitting with it in the open all night and contracting pneumonia in the process.

And now *Flicka* is about to foal for the first time, and the colt, instead of being a golden roan, as expected, is white; a throwback to his great-great grandfather, an untamed stallion of the mountain-pastures. He proves to be as wise and wicked as his free forbears but Ken has the dream that with his strength and speed this stallion named Thunderhead, may restore the fortunes of his owner.

Through months of disappointment and frustration Ken learns that performance, rather than dreams and wishes, makes up the fabric of life. And while he is growing to this realization he is learning all the wonder of instinct that keeps wild horses alive in the fierce storms of the mountains.

The author has great powers as a psychologist, as a naturalist, as a descriptive writer; and a warm humanity underlies all. Those who enjoyed *My Friend Flicka* will find this sequel better constructed and even more compelling.

## Ecuador Jungle

OUR DAILY BREAD by Enrique Gil Gilbert. Translated from the Spanish by Dudley Poore. (Oxford, $3.00.)

JUNGLE country has been competently described as "green hell." Starting with this general idea a good writer can go into a million details of sight and smell and fear, intensifying the notion until the reader's skin crawls with imagined insects or burns with imagined fever. Senor Gilbert is a good writer so far as that is concerned. He has notable powers in selecting apt similes and strange metaphors. Also he can describe individual men and women toiling and sweating and loving in this fearsome environment. But he lacks the power to tell an integrated story with a beginning, a middle and an ending. For that reason this novel lacks compelling interest, despite the florid, realistic style of the writer.

It is admirable in transferring the atmosphere of Ecuador, or a part of it, into sentences and paragraphs. It reflects the torrid passions of men who fight and eat and love with equal enthusiasm, but, as Hamlet remarked "The play's the thing," and no wealth of description can make up for the lack of sustained, dramatic living by a hero and a heroine.

## Saints at Work

LEADERS OF THE CANADIAN CHURCH, Edited by Canon Bertal Heeney. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

MISSIONERS must be managers as well as idealists. Even with their eyes on the stars their feet are planted firm upon the earth and they labor with their hands, even as their great prototype, St. Paul.

For his third survey of Leaders in the Church of England in Canada, Canon Heeney begins with Bishop Anderson, who came to the Red River settlement in 1849, took over the humble school begun by Rev. John Macallum, and turned it into St. John's College, the nucleus of the University of Manitoba. His diocese of Rupert's Land was half a continent. His episcopal carriage was the canoe and he ranged far and wide, hardened to extremes of weather, and consumed by diligence.

Sketches follow, by various outstanding clergy, of Frederick Julius Steen, a moderate modernist in a fundamentalist environment, of L. Norman Tucker and Sydney Gould of the Church Missionary Society, of the Bishops Machray, Thornloe, Stringer, Williams, Worrell and Duncan; all of the liveliest interest, especially to Churchmen. There is an appreciative foreword by Canon Cody.

SERVING THE UNITED NATIONS WITH WAR ALCOHOL

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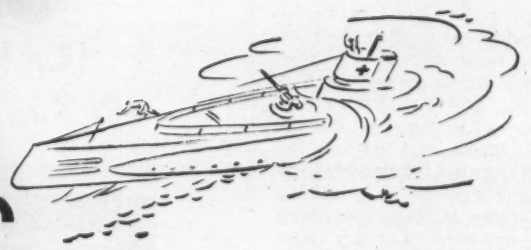

WAR ALCOHOL PLAYS ITS PART

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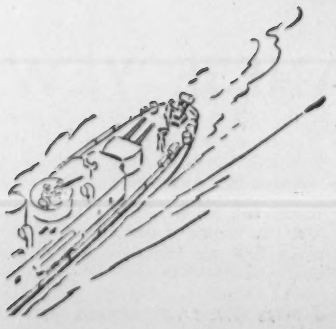

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# THE BOOKSHELF

## "Sea-Green Incorruptible"

BY W. S. MILNE

THE INCORRUPTIBLE, by Marjorie Coryn. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

THIS book is a sort of cross between a historical study and a novel. It deals with the last five months of Robespierre's life, presenting the genius of the Terror in a series of impressionistic scenes, each one showing a stage in the growth of that fixed idea that was to bring about his downfall, and ending, of course, when the monster became a victim of the terror he himself had created. It lacks the complexity and diversity of characters we have come to expect in a novel, for it is essentially a study of one man, and the last weeks of his life mount to their inevitable climax like the fifth act of one of the bloodier Elizabethan tragedies.

Miss Coryn is a vivid writer, and she makes us almost smell the blood, a smell which, characteristically enough, always distressed and sickened the man who caused it to flow as blood had never been made to flow before; nor has it since, until the rise of another madman. There are many parallels between the Austrian paperhanger and the little lawyer from Arras which are emphasized in this book.

Robespierre was essentially a very simple man, with the simplicity of a dangerous maniac. He believed he was serving Humanity, but to him humanity was a block of granite that had to be cut to make the great statue of his imagination. He was without pity, without sympathy, without imagination. Danton, de Barras Desmoulins; all who opposed his idea had to be killed. There was to be no other point of view, no criticism, no advice. Carnot was a great general, but because he dared to oppose Robespierre's interference in matters of military strategy, he too was marked for destruction. Blood was made to flow so freely that the people sickened of it; in his relentless prosecution of his fixed idea, he demanded that all laws be swept aside. "He who trembles is guilty". No trial, no defence. Two months later, the monster he had created turned upon him.

This is not as pleasant a book as its predecessor, "Good Bye My Son" but a powerful and fascinating one, and perhaps prophetic too.

## The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

THERE is a special interest for readers in a story with a familiar geographical background, and that is why Margaret Millar's latest detective story *Wall of Eyes* (Macmillan $2.50) will have a special appeal for Toronto readers. It is set in what is called the underworld of this city, if indeed it can be said to have one. Indeed the characters of the underworld are the most real in the book. There is a psychiatrist who is rather excess luggage and a blind girl who is by way of being a monster. The detective work is smooth, the denouement unexpected. All told it is a highly professional job that Mrs. Millar has done. . . In *The Grinning Pig* by Nap Lombard (Musson $2.35) you meet a charming couple of amateur detectives and some odd characters acting under the new pressures of life in war-time London. You also meet a good deal that is incredible, which suggests that this is probably Nap's first detective story and prompts the hope that the next will be better. . . We have also read recently *The Bride Laughed Once.*

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## Eyes' Daily Dozen

BY D. P. O'HEARN

THE ART OF SEEING, by Aldous Huxley, (Macmillan, $2.25).

FOR a time during his youth Aldous Huxley was so nearly blind that he had to depend on Braille for reading. In 1939, after using strong glasses for years his sight was threatened with complete failure. At that time he heard of the Dr. Bates method of improving sight through education and exercise of the eyes and tried the method with success.

This book outlines the reasoning behind the Bates method and gives readable data on the function of the eye and the psychology of seeing. More pertinently it gives in detail the Bates suggestions for proper use of the eyes and the system of exercises that he recommends for correction of various ailments. Our only comment is that these exercises are so extensive as to require a superhuman character or a complete rebirth of habits. Just one suggestion is that in reading, one stop at the end of every second sentence, take a look at the last word, close the eyes and recall the word, reopen the eyes and look at the word again and then continue to the next sentence. Try it on your "Anthony, Adverse."

## Amazonian Mixture

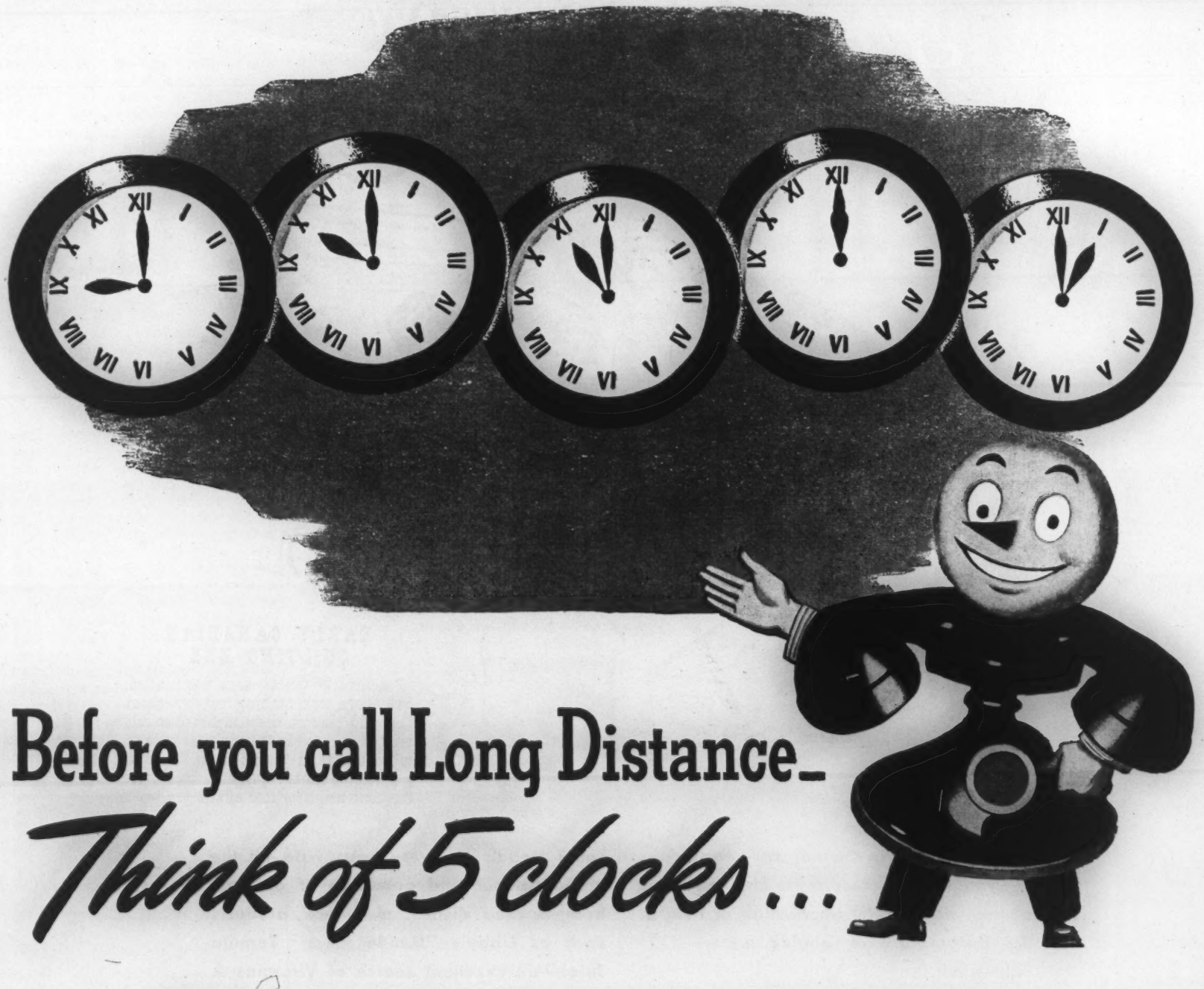
BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON, by Carleton Beals. (Collins, $3.00.)

THE jacket review of this book describes it as "a tremendously colorful and dramatic novel about America South," and classes it with Anthony Adverse and Gone With The Wind. That is quite a mixture, and as those two books were best sellers, the author doubtless thought he would have a double chance of success by writing a long and rambling story spiced with illicit "love" and political intrigue. The mixture of these two elements is rather confusing at times, and the sudden transition from a sophisticated discussion of politics to amorous dalliance is rather ludicrous.

Grant Hammond, the leading male character in the story, is an American engineer who conceived the idea of establishing a powerful and rich civilization in South America. He dreamed of clearing the jungles and building air-conditioned cities along the Amazon River. In his attempts to initiate this vast scheme he encountered local dictators, revolutionaries, spies and intrigue artists of both sexes. The hero's passion for civilization, however, seems to be merely a subterfuge, and he never allows it to interfere with his passion for uncivilized adventure.

The story is post-dated to the year 1950, and the author assumed that the Japs and the Nazis would still be prowling around at that time. There is plenty of action, including plane flights and crash landings. While the book is well written and presents authentic pictures of the scene and life of the wilder parts of South America, the characters in the story are mostly of the movie variety. It was probably written with that end in view.

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# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Another Journey to Sicily

BY GEORGIA MAXWELL ROBERTSON

FROM Canada to Palermo was quite a trek. I hadn't intended going to Sicily at all.

"Why must I go to Sicily?" I asked the only other occupant of the compartment as the train crawled through southern France.

"Because," said the Belgian in his precise English, "other Canadians as a rule do not visit Sicily. Being from Canada, you should. All continental travellers love it. Ah, that Sicily—eet is a gem!"

Now that we have invaded, I wonder if it is still a gem? I hope it is not all destroyed. It was too beautiful.

My first day in Palermo found me stricken. Maybe I acquired a flu germ in the Souks of Tunis. A flu germ might very well be one of the aristocrats of those dirty, intriguing bazaars.

If one must be ill, Palermo's the place! Never was such solicitude, such service. The dark, beautifully carved Sicilian furniture of my hotel room, the blue satin brocade of the wall hangings and bed covers, the luscious deep rugs all were conspirators bringing peace and comfort. While the doctors — but one cannot expect too much of doctors who find difficulty in interpreting my graphic signs and halting Italian.

Each morning I was puzzled by a parade of cows that went by the hotel. To the tail of each was tied a protesting calf. The procession went by at the same hour each morning, then later returned, each cow still pulling her calf.

I was told that the cows were driven down into the town each day to be milked before each customer's home, as the people want to see what they are getting! And that the cows were unhappy unless their "veals" went along. If the "veals" were too young to take the long walk, they rode in a donkey cart beside their mothers.

### Bells and Plumes

The Sicilian donkey carts were beautiful. The sides painted with Biblical scenes, but every other inch of the cart carved, and the carvings painted. Hitched to these gay carts, the donkeys were resplendent in harnesses decorated with bells and red plumes. I bought a cart and donkey, and had it shipped home. When it arrived complete here, there were two donkeys, mother and baby.

Palermo carriage men were annoying, snapping their whips as I walked along, demanding that I ride. I was walking down the beautiful Via Ruggero Settima, which presently became the Via Maqueda, (disconcerting to travelers!) and started down the incredibly wide, clean boulevard, beneath the shade of the trees of the middle walk. But the carriage drivers besieged me, snapped whips. Soon cowed into submission, I got into a carriage.

To his surprise I pointed to the driver's whip, shook my head, motioned that he must not whip the horse. I was in no hurry. He continued to look around at me, puzzled and worried as we went along. Obviously he was driving a demented tourist! What did the lady think the whip was for?

### Violets and Gold Mosaics

The violet-selling boys were a pest too. I was used to bunches of violets being sold at home in springtime, in separate, dewy bunches. Here each bunch was fastened to a bamboo stick, then all the sticks fastened together, the whole having the effect of a great violet tree.

Up from Palermo was Monreale. First by tram through the suburbs where the dirt was depressing, especially in the filthy one-room dwellings I could see into. In one such house I glimpsed a bed covered with a sheet, flowers strewn on it, candles burning at the four corners, and tiny children playing around it.

Arrived at the little town, I found chickens, pigs, out-door cafes and donkeys all mixed up happily together. There I took a funicular up the mountain. And there was the ninth-century monastery which had been made into a church. I hope no bomb found that church!

High Mass was just beginning. But so taken was I with the amazing old gold mosaics all around the church, telling in pictures, the story of the Creation, the Ark, etc., that I did not hear the service. The mosaic of the Lord formally introducing Adam to Eve with all the courtliness of a Sir Walter Raleigh, was intriguing.

### Sicilian Cloister

The cloister, with its two hundred and two pairs of gloriously carved pillars, each pair different, was breathtaking. Coming down in the funicular, it seemed as if the whole of Sicily lay below. Palermo, warm and welcoming, seemed to rise to meet me. It wasn't unreal and dreamlike, as Venice was, but pulsing with life and color. With the lure that made Sicily then a glowing gem of the Mediterranean.

Glowing, during the invasion, with bombs and fires! Palermo flattened probably. Monreale destroyed very likely. The peace and beauty of it all only a memory.

EARLY CANADIAN QUILTING BEE

"Patchwork" Quilts, they were called, but there was nothing patchy about the solid comfort they imparted on cold winter nights! In Canada's early days, when the term "home-made" denoted a special quality, quilting bees were frequent neighborhood affairs.

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# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Furnishing a House With Buttons

BY KAY PETERS

FURNISHING a house today isn't the easy job that it used to be before the war. Shortages have made it a case of take what you get, and often what you don't want, and, despite what Mr. Ilsley says, usually at a higher price than you used to pay. War does have its benefits though.

An increasing number of people are finding out what antique buyers and a limited other few have known for some time, that there is a wealth of old furniture in the country, in farms, attics and auction rooms, that can be had, comparatively speaking, for next to nothing and a little effort.

A young couple got married a few years ago and started to furnish their home in this way on the country.

Today their home is practically complete. The bedrooms are furnished with matching spool beds, spool chests, home-spun rugs and odd pieces in keeping. The beds and chests they found in an out-of-the-way antique barn in the country, kept by a retired farmer who visits the auctions in his territory and buys up the pieces that are slow in the bidding and go for a song. He sold the beds for five dollars each and the chests at the same price.

The balance of the rooms in their small house have been furnished in the same way. In all, the furnishings have cost less than five hundred dollars and their home has a charm offered by few modern houses.

Another young matron, with a keen eye for a bargain and discriminating taste, has one of the loveliest homes that I have ever been in. Jean has been furnishing and refurnishing for more than five years and now practically every piece in her house is a collector's item.

### Art of Dickering

Jean started furnishing on the country when her family budget first became too small to indulge a family of three with the better things in the way of food and shelter and allow for the old furniture which she loved. She started by buying, but she soon got into selling too and today she is running a regular spare-time antique business.

Jean started her antiqueing as a casual auction-goer, buying usually the occasional piece of china, glass or silver. She began her selling career one day when a spinet was offered for which she didn't have the cash. To raise the money she took an assortment of her glass to an antique shop and after dickering with the dealer came out with nearly twice as much money as she had paid for it.

After her start at city auctions Jean gradually began going to country sales and later to farm-houses looking for the lower prices of the less-crowded markets. On these expeditions she never passed up the opportunity of a bargain and soon she was accumulating quantities of pieces for which she had no use. In selling these she began going from one store to another so as not to overdo any one buyer, and in a short time she found that she was turning over a large amount of merchandise and had a wide list of contacts which assured a steady market.

### Button! Button!

Today she has enlarged this market even more by a few visits to the United States to American buyers who come to Canada regularly. She now has a regular market with these buyers also, and her business is only limited by the time she wishes to spend on it.

With the American buyers a big share of Jean's trade is done in buttons. There is a large call for old buttons today, particularly below the border where they are sought after by many collectors. This is a happy coincidence to Jean who has taken double advantage of the unusual demand.

Lately she has been centering many of her buying expeditions in farm districts, digging up homes that have been overlooked in previous combings by antique buyers. Most of these have been skipped by the earlier buyers for definite reasons, usually because they were guarded by crusty housewives with a strong suspicion of antique hunters. Jean uses buttons to lull these suspicions.

Her habit is to go through the country and stop at any farm-house that looks likely. Then with her most pleasant and motherly manner she will knock on the door and ask if they have any old buttons to sell. Of course there are old buttons, every farm house has a button box, and it is one thing that any farm woman will be sure to exchange for cash.

Once inside, Jean empties the box on a table and after picking through the contents makes a little collection for which she will probably offer seventy-five cents. But then, before the woman can get up her nerve to start the haggling which is part of our natures, Jean has her eye on the top shelf of the china cabinet in the corner of the room.

"My, what a lovely plate", she will exclaim, "May I see it?"

And before anyone quite knows what is happening Jean is on a chair at the cabinet and in a few minutes not only has the plate down on the table but practically everything else in the cabinet. Before an hour is over she will be in the attic haggling over Aunt Martha's ottoman with the housewife, who has tasted the first blood of cash-on-the-line with the button offer.

### Buried Treasure

The results of this bare-faced pillaging are apt to be very profitable. Just a short time ago Jean picked up a pair of hand-painted miniatures in an attic for seven dollars, and turned them over a few days later for two hundred and fifty dollars. The same week she came across a sterling silver tray for fifteen dollars which sold for a hundred and fifty. Even buttons show a fair return.

For the neophyte, however, it might be just as well to forget dreams of such successful looting. Without sound knowledge and experience plus dealer contacts one is more apt to be stung than successful. Even the simple farm folk are not so simple when it comes to flaunting a plate straight from Woolworth's as part of Great-aunt Tillie's baggage on the Mayflower.

With a little cash though, some spare time and moderate discretion, and an idea of what you want, there are many charming pieces and rare bargains waiting in attics, farms and auction rooms.

And there is no more exciting or less expensive way of furnishing a house than digging up some of this loot.

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# THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

## The Fourth Horseman and Mrs. Ragland

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"DO COME in," Miss A. said, "Mrs. Ragland and I have just been discussing inflation."

Mrs. Ragland, who is Miss A.'s cleaning woman, was sitting at the table polishing silver. According to Miss A. she is a good soul, really quite intelligent, and devoted to Miss A. At the moment she seemed more than usually bewildered, suspicious and morose.

"As I was saying, you have to distinguish between real wages and mere money wages," Miss A. said.

Mrs. Ragland attacked the fruit basket. "You mean four dollars a day and car-fare isn't real wages?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," Miss A. said regretfully, "You see, when wages rise then the cost of living rises along with them in a sort of spiral"—she indicated a spiral—"so that unless we arrive at some sort of stabilization consumption will have to absorb the increased cost of production. . . I think perhaps that if you would use a little less of the polish at a time Mrs. Ragland you'd perhaps get a better effect."

Mrs. Ragland stared at her heavily for a moment, then returned to her polishing. "Now the friend you speak of may be getting four dollars a day and carfare," Miss A. went on, "but the cost of living indices make it plain that in terms of pre-war living this is merely the monetary equivalent of two dollars a day and walk. And the situation naturally is bound to get worse because of the unstable nature of the Canadian dollar. In other words, the more you go ahead buying cars, radios, jewellery, furs, etc., the smaller the dollar becomes. And that means a period of wild inflation and subsequent deflation before we arrive back at parity."

She paused for breath, and Mrs. Ragland asked suspiciously, "What do you mean, parity?"

Miss A. looked thoughtful. "I should say, two dollars a day and car-fare," she said.

"Yes but—" Mrs. Ragland began, but Miss A. swept on, "In other words if you insist on forcing your wages higher you merely raise your cost of living along with it. . . For instance, the friend you speak of now gets four dollars a day, but at the same time she is paying sixty cents a dozen for eggs."

Mrs. Ragland considered this for a moment in heavy silence. Then a gleam of light broke. "You could put up wages and keep eggs down," she said.

### Hen and the Egg

Miss A. shook her head sadly. "I'm afraid that isn't possible. To put it simply the hen itself is a production unit, which must be serviced, supplied and made to produce. Now if labor insists on a wage increase then the higher cost involved in running the egg-production plant, in other words the hen, must be absorbed by the hen-product itself, that is to say the egg. . ."

"You want the fish-forks done?" Mrs. Ragland asked. Miss A. went and brought the fish-forks and laid them on the table. "And naturally this increased cost must ultimately be taken care of by the group that absorbs the egg, in other words the consumer class," she pointed out.

Mrs. Ragland, looking bewildered but mutinous, returned to her polishing. And in a moment Miss A. turned to me. "Do you ever stop to think about the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?" she asked.

"Well, not recently," I said, a little startled, "What about them?"

"They are right on us," Miss A. said solemnly, "War, Pestilence, Famine and Inflation. And I really believe that Inflation is the worst one of them all."

"This other lady I know, she works for a woman in Forest Hill Village," Mrs. Ragland said doggedly, "and she gets four-fifty a day and an hour's rest in the afternoon."

### Woman Units

Miss A. nodded. "Of course that is very nice," she said, "but there is another point to be considered. If carried too far it may eventually lead to a refusal on the part of the employer to absorb the labor available. In other words the lady in Forest Hill Village may find it unsound economically, particularly in view of our fluctuating currency, to employ woman power in the home at all." She laughed persuasively, "You know stabilized currency doesn't grow on trees, even in Forest Hill Village."

"Then there is another point," she went on quickly. "You probably remember the day you broke the vacuum cleaner. This involved the loss of eight machine woman hours. . ."

Mrs. Ragland flushed to the roots of her permanent. "I never broke the cleaner. It just come apart in my hands," she said hotly, "and anyway that day you asked me to clean the cellar."

"I am speaking of machine woman hours," Miss A. said firmly, "And naturally in terms of machine production units the time was lost until the vacuum cleaner could be repaired."

Mrs. Ragland, pausing in her work, lost several woman-instants trying to take this in. But it was obvious that the problem of the industrial pause and the re-tooling of Mrs. Ragland was quite beyond her. Then she glanced at the clock. "It's five o'clock," she announced and laying down her tools untied her apron and walked out of the room.

Miss A. began gathering up the silver. "You see how impossible it is to explain the situation to people unaccustomed to thinking in economic terms," she said. "She'll just go ahead demanding higher wages and raising the cost-of-living level until she eventually breaks the ceiling." She laughed grimly, "Only she'll never admit she broke it. It just come apart in her hands."

She put the last of the silver back in the drawer. "As a matter of fact I allowed Mrs. Ragland a slight increase," she said, "but fortunately there are ways of equalizing costs and production even in the home."

She hesitated a moment, then the front door slammed on Mrs. Ragland. "I put the clock back fifteen minutes," Miss A. said happily.

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Deeper than corn in the blade,
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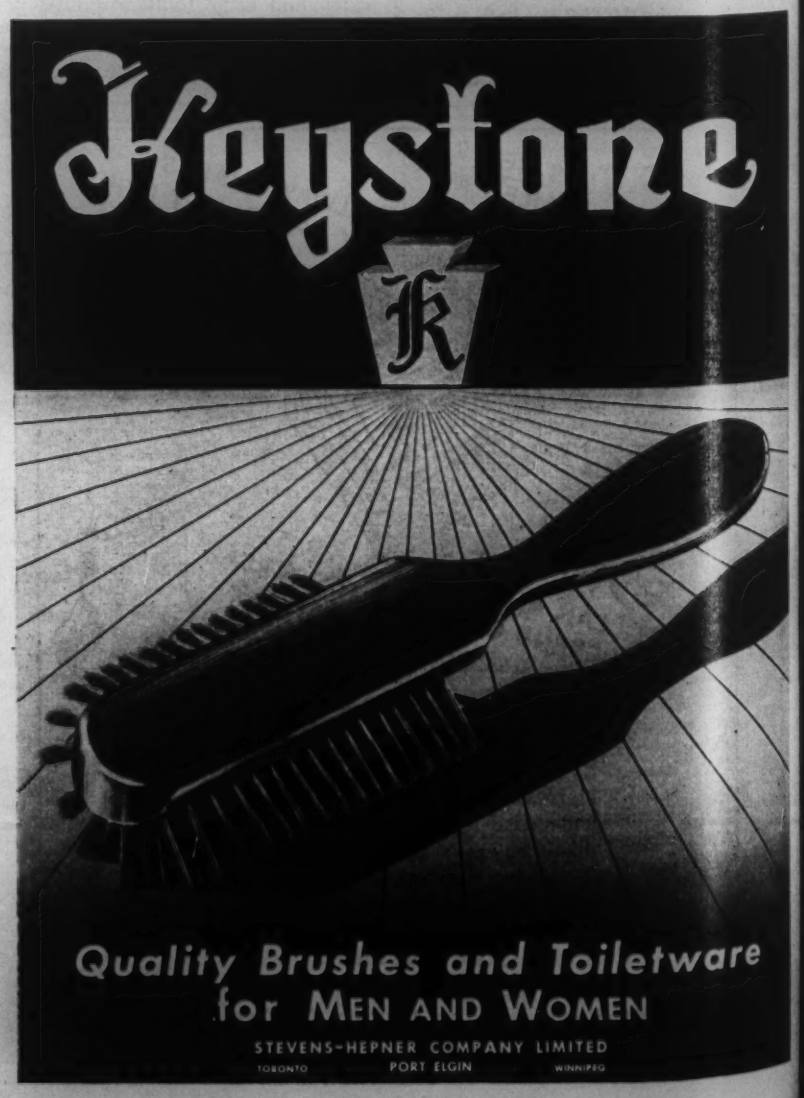

# THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

## New Plan --- One Meal on Sunday

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

"THERE is a constructive side to everything," Mrs. Andrews said to herself when she overslept on Sunday morning. "I shall try out my new plan."

The new plan, recommended by nearly all her friends, she had been holding ready for a favorable opportunity.

"We'll be late for Sunday School," Elsa wailed, waving a comb. "Braid my hair quick."

"She's got my comb," Barbara protested. "If we're late we lose our gold stars."

"When we have to hurry like this we don't get much breakfast," Guy lamented.

"Yes we do," his mother announced bracingly. "If we all help we won't be late and we'll have an extra big breakfast."

"Pancakes?"

"Better yet. Jam!"

Mr. Andrews looked with surprise at the lavish breakfast table. "What are we celebrating?" he asked. "When we're this late we usually nibble."

### Big and Late

"That's because of interfering with dinner." Mrs. Andrews beamed encouragingly at each of them. "It won't interfere with dinner today. We're having two meals this Sunday." Her lifted hand warned Guy to suspend his cry of horror. "Two meals on Sunday," she told him gaily, "is what all our friends have. A big late breakfast," she stressed the "big", "and dinner at six or so. Everybody does that—Wilsons and Morrows and everybody. It saves ever so much work."

"We can't leave out one whole meal," Guy cried in an anguished voice. "We always have three."

"Not on Sunday. Please pass the butter." Her look at her husband demanded support and he said with rather modified enthusiasm, "It sounds a good idea." His voice quickened. "Is that jam I see?"

Mrs. Andrews had never walked home from church in lighter spirits. With no dinner to get she could hear her favorite radio programme which always announced itself as she was polishing tumblers, she could lie down for a little while and she could imagine no greater luxury, than lying down in daylight.

The children arrived as she was, with a deep sense of leisure, drawing off her white gloves. They plunged into the diningroom and then into the kitchen, staring at the bare table, the cold stove.

"Where's mother?" they roared.

She came out holding her hat in her hand and smiling serenely. "You've forgotten. We just had a huge breakfast and we're going to have a fine dinner."

"When?" Guy demanded. "I'm hungry now."

"You'll soon get used to the new plan. You'll have more time to play." They all stared at her without speaking.

### Pantry Raid

She read a chapter in her overdue library book and wrote three letters. The house was curiously quiet.

"Who wants to run to the mailbox for me?" she asked of the empty hall. No answer. The three of them were in the pantry eating thick bread and butter.

"We thought we'd better have a little something to help us wait," Barbara said through a large bite.

"A good idea," their mother agreed graciously. "Be sure to shut the breadbox."

She returned to the radio. The early afternoon was a beautiful stretch of found time but about half past three she began to feel restless. She had scarcely seen the children; it was hard to remember a Sunday afternoon on which they had been so little in evidence. Her husband laid down his book and looked at her thoughtfully.

"Tea," he remarked, "makes a nice break on Sunday afternoon."

Mrs. Andrews realized that tea was precisely what she needed, what, in fact, she had been needing for some time.

"I'll make a pot right away and there are some cookies I put away." As she approached the pantry, light steps retreated and the back door banged. She looked at the long counter in astonishment. Tomatoes had been cut up without benefit of plate, a box of cornflakes had been opened, the raisin bag lay empty beside a heap of orange peelings and apple cores and the cookies had not been put away securely enough. She prepared tea and bread and butter for her husband and herself.

"Tastes good," he muttered, folding his third slice. "Now I'll take them for a walk while you get dinner."

The children had never eaten such a dinner.

"It sure gives you an appetite to only get two meals," Guy pronounced, slackening speed a little over his pie. "It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be."

The girls helped willingly with the dishes and they and Guy read till bedtime. When they were in pyjamas, Elsa asked sweetly,

"Couldn't we have some milk? You know we only had two meals today."

"And a biscuit?" Guy prompted.

At ten Mr. Andrews went to the kitchen for an apple. "Your plan seems to work fine," he said, taking a crisp bite. "Have one?" He tossed an apple into her lap. It tasted good.

"It must save you a great deal of work," he went on, "to have only two meals."

"Two meals!" she exclaimed. She had spent an hour restoring her shattered pantry to order and summing up the damage done to her supplies. "We've only had one meal today. One meal that lasted from morning until night."


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Whenever possible, stretch out on your bed and put the pillows under your hips. Keep your head flat and place your feet on the headboard . . . so. Stay in this "beauty-angle" position for several minutes. Helps refresh and relax amazingly!

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## Another Russian Composer

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

TWO or three years ago on a radio program I heard an amusing Russian comedian sing a patter-song entirely made up of the names of Russian composers. I counted fifty or more, the majority of which were new to me. Despite the present vogue for Russian composers, knowledge of contemporary men is largely confined to the music of Prokofieff and Shostakovich, though many more of high quality are doing creative work in Russia to-day. At the Prom concert in Varsity Arena last week Andre Kostelanetz gave the first local performance of a work by Dimitri Kavalevsky, born in 1904, the overture to an opera, known in Moscow as "The Master of Klama", but in other countries as "Colas Breugnon" in recognition of the French novel by Romain Rolland on which the libretto is based.

It is long since I read "Colas Breugnon", but my recollections are of a cheery, stimulating work of which the hero was a veritable Mark Tapley. It was much easier reading than Rolland's ten-volume opus, "Jean-Christophe" which purports to be the autobiography of a musician. His associations with music are of course profound for he wrote one of the finest of the many biographies of Beethoven. Kavalevsky is a pupil of Miaskovsky, a veteran composer trained under the Czarist regime who accepted the Soviets. Large as is the volume of Miaskovsky's symphonic and chamber works his name has only recently begun to creep into programs on this side of the Atlantic. Russia, fifty years ago, signified for the outside world only Glinka, Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky, but today we are hearing more and more of her army of creative musicians.

Kavalevsky like Shostakovich, at one time composed music for motion pictures, an art which has been brought to a high point of aesthetic distinction in Moscow and Leningrad. Outside that field the opera "Colas Breugnon" seems to be his most famous work and, judging by the overture it must be, brilliant. It would be difficult to imagine anything more swift, optimistic, and stimulating; an overture, which though entirely different in harmonic devices, rouses delighted anticipation in the same way as do the overtures to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and Rossini's "Barber of Seville". The rendering, considering the fact that the instrumentalists were playing something entirely new to them, was capital, and spoke much for Mr. Kostelanetz' skill as a drill-master, as well as his *élan* as an interpreter.

### A Taste of "Salome"

The conductor gave another taste of the wild stimulus of Russian music for the theatre in Glazounov's "Salome" an overture and dance composed for the original St. Petersburg production of Oscar Wilde's tragedy. The introduction's bizarre ferocity has nevertheless a quality of Oriental enchantment. Of Mia Slavenska's amazingly graphic presentation of the aphrodisiacal dance of the blood-intoxicated princess, one wrote some weeks ago. A second experience made its frantic ecstasy the more impressive.

Mr. Kostelanetz had a fuller opportunity to reveal his interpretative aptitudes than in his many previous visits. He did two French works, that, despite their unique beauty, have become almost hackneyed by frequent repetition; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and the Cesar Franck Symphony. They seem so much of our own time, that it is difficult to realize that the one is 49, and the other 54 years old, born in a period of tranquility that to-day seems remote. In the Debussy work the conductor fulfilled the composer's endeavor to evoke the warmth of a summer afternoon, and the day-dreams of a drowsy spirit of the woods. The rendering of the only work by Cesar Franck, which has definitely become part of the emotional life of music lovers to-day, was vital and interesting. He did not diminish the mystical solemnity of the symphony by imparting to the slow movement with which it opens, an unexpected quality of dramatic intensity. The Allegretto, often played in a heavy-footed way, was especially delightful in shading and delicacy. Mr. Kostelanetz had obviously discerned in it graces that link it up with the refinements of French tradition. Again in the Finale dramatic fervor added to the mystical appeal. My expectation of being slightly bored was gratifyingly disappointed.

In traditional ballet numbers Mia Slavenska showed that her talent was not limited to portraying the sanguinary neurosis of Salome. (When I encounter that young lady I think of a line from the old melodrama "George Barnwell" which John the Baptist might well have addressed to her; "Curse of my sex and scandal of your own"). The dancer's interpretations, with the assistance of David Tihmar, of "Blue Danube" and an episode from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake" were sheer enchantment of the old-fashioned kind.

### Catarina Jarboro

Occasionally a singer comes to us so unknown that little is expected and then turns out to be an artist of surprisingly fine quality. Such was the experience of those who heard Caterina Jarboro, a colored dramatic soprano at Eaton Auditorium last week. Her singing betokened a higher degree of training and experience than that of most other singers of her race. There was nothing to suggest her racial origins in either her program or her style. One could not imagine a more complete antithesis than between Miss Jarboro and Ethel Waters. Though born in North Carolina she was educated abroad; and possibly never sang a spiritual in her life.

She is a very handsome woman, and her voice, especially in its middle register is gloriously warm and moving. It is a type of voice that needs to warm up at the outset, and her tones did not reveal their full beauty in her opening group, arias of the 18th century, from Nicolo Picinni's "Alexander in India" and Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris". It was a curious coincidence that linked the two composers in one group, because a feud between them which rent Parisian society in 1755 is a matter of musical history. Her artistic distinction was shown in an extended group of lyrics by Gabriel Faure, neglected by most recitalists. Her inspiring genius was most fully revealed in arias from Verdi's "Aida". The passion, pathos and loveliness of intonation with which they were sung lifted the rendering above that of any singer of the role of Aida one has heard.

### A Book of Child-Songs

The gifted Canadian composer, Ada Twohy Kent, internationally known for her delightful settings of child-songs, has just issued another collection "Let's Pretend and 30 other songs for Children" (W. J. Gage Coy, distributing agents). It is even more piquant and charming than her previous collection, and covers a variety of sentiment and fancy. The text is by various authors and the folio is rendered the more attractive by the silhouette illustrations of Elizabeth Macpherson. The title-number is typical of many examples of pretty child-thoughts; and both music and verses have the merit of simplicity. They are set within the limits of the common chord, with no chromatic flourishes, but all have appropriate "atmosphere" and melodic appeal. The accompaniments though always effective are simpler for young fingers than they sound. My own favorite is a Christmas song with words by Margaret Murray "God Bless the Little Wild Things". Recently a number of the songs were sung at Toronto Art Gallery by Margaret Bowden Abbott, soprano, and Mildred Brown Ferguson, contralto, and won general appreciation.

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# THE FILM PARADE

## Multiply by Three

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

BOB HOPE is as funny as he can be in his latest film; i.e., as funny as he can be with the kind of material he has been given in "Let's Face It". This is the screen version of the Broadway musical show of the same name, which in turn was a remake of the still older Broadway comedy "The Cradle Snatchers". It was fairly shoddy stuff in the first place and by the time it had been used and turned twice there was hardly enough left for patches. Apparently however, the producers figured that by using Bob Hope they could get a little more wear out of it. Comedian Hope does his best to cover up the thinness of the material but even the most elastic talent can't be stretched that far.

The plot has to do with three wives who suspect their middle-aged husbands of playing around. So they follow them on a fishing trip taking along with them three reluctant young men of their own. The three young men have girls who follow them. Then the husbands turn up with three more girls, which is when the fun is supposed to be at its height. The writers apparently figured that by issuing the whole thing in triplicate they could make everything three times as funny—a popular illusion in Hollywood which always tends to identify the height of confusion with the height of comedy.

You can see what Bob Hope was up against in this strange vehicle. He is one of the three young men engaged to the three girls and involved with the three wives and husbands, and naturally a great deal of his time is taken up in hustling the other characters into position or whisking them out of sight. He did his best, but even Bob Hope's immoderate energy could hardly cope with a plot that took every cliché of stage infidelity it could lay hands on and then multiplied it by three.

He is assisted in "Let's Face It" by Betty Hutton who is undoubtedly one of the most vital girls in the industry. She has been given some good conservative clothes and has had her hair slicked up, but her behavior is as dishevelled as ever. Miss Hutton too gives everything she has. Zasu Pitts and Eve Arden are in it, up to their necks, and working like beavers. There ought to be a special medal for every member of the cast, for devotion beyond the call of duty.

ANN SOTHERN, another of Hollywood's vital girls, is kept busier than ever in her latest Maisie film, "Swingshift Maisie". Maisie is a war worker here but she isn't shown operating a punch press or even a spanner. She just hustles about among the machines with plenty of hip movement, winning the war and plenty of attention from the male operators. Except for the lack of costume jewellery she is exactly the same old Maisie, tough and gaudy, with a soft good heart and I'm afraid a head to match.

Her trouble this time centres around her room-mate (Jean Rogers) a meanie who thinks nothing of walking off with Maisie's boy-friend, in Maisie's only nylons. By the time Maisie gets her nylons back they are simply riddled. It takes a little longer to recover her boy-friend, but when he finally reverts to her he is as good as new. . . . These Maisie stories, in spite of their tough idiom, always remind me of the teen-age literature I used to pick off the shelves of the Sunday School library. They have the same wholesome yet somehow larking tone, and the same clean innocence of reality. The Maisie cracks of course are contemporary; but even Louisa M. Alcott wasn't above making cracks of a gentle period type.

IT WAS unfortunate that "Corvette Port Arthur" should have been tucked out of sight between "Swingshift Maisie" and a musical item called "Honeymoon Lodge". It deserved better company, for it is one of the finest Canadian documentary films that the National Film Board has produced. In many of the Film Board's documentaries—particularly in the "Canada Carries On" series—the continuity is so involved that one's final impression is often rather blurred." "Corvette Port Arthur" however, takes a bold dramatic line which makes it constantly exciting to the eye and the imagination.

Without sacrificing any of its documentary values it presents a modern sea-story, the account of the Port Arthur's sailing, as part of a convoy group, from Halifax, her encounter with a stalking U-boat, and the final boarding and sinking of the enemy craft. There is considerable restraint about the whole thing, as becomes a documentary, and the commentary is reticent, which is both unusual and gratifying.

**The end of a long train trip is always an exciting moment for children, but these French boys shown here arriving in Switzerland for a visit of three months will have a reprieve from near-starvation and a chance to forget for a time the horrors of war. Switzerland has so far been able to keep aloof from the war, but she has not been complacent or shut her eyes to the suffering that goes on around her borders. Today she is playing the role of Good Samaritan to some 40,000 of Europe's starving children. Through the Swiss National Red Cross, she provides vacations in Swiss homes and camps for children between ages of four and fourteen.**

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# CONCERNING FOOD

## New York Loses Its Chop Houses

BY JANET MARCH

IN SPITE of all the requests to the public not to travel, the impression when you get on a train these days is that a lot of people are experiencing its broadening effects for the first time. "Are there windows in the upper berth?" inquired the fat lady above me as she mounted the ladder, and reached out for the porter to hand her up a mammoth basket of tomatoes and a carton of milk which she evidently intended to cuddle all night.

Down the car an English voice explained confidingly to the customs man that her hats and extra possessions were in two paper shopping bags because otherwise her luggage would be overweight for the plane to the West Indies. "I've never flown, you know," she added.

### George Cashes In

As we pulled into the Grand Central, late and hungry, the women aboard began bribing George "To get me a Red Cap." George appreciated this extra source of income and gratefully pocketed all he could get—doing nothing further about the Red Cap situation than he had always done which was to deposit the bags from the car in a neat line on the platform. The strong-armed set out burdened for the quarter mile walk to the station, the patient sat down on the more substantial suitcases and waited and the people who had tried bribery milled in annoyed circles.

New York is jammed. There are lines at the registration desks at nearly all hours. Suitcases lie in great piles in lobbies, restaurants are crowded, theatres sold out for months. From the quite amazing variety of uniforms it is apparent the city is the favorite spot for leave for the United Nations' forces. Owing to the American custom of awarding campaign medals swiftly, boys who must have been in school just the other day have rows of ribbons on their uniforms already, a good many of them having taken part in both the Pacific and North Africa campaigns.

The dim-out is still pretty dim on the streets, though it looked as if more windows shone out up and down the sky scrapers. Still on dark corners you take a firm grip on your pocket book. The usual blackout seemed to be carried on as enthusiastically as ever, with people talking knowingly of whether that was the blue or yellow signal.

Probably the greatest change is in the restaurants where there are now three meatless days a week—meatless, that is, as to rationed meats. Your portion of chicken or liver or kidney is often eked out with noodles or potatoes or some meat stretcher, and—greatest change of all—nearly all the steak houses are closed. The coffee is as wonderful as ever and now you can have all you want of it, but you have to be an artist at economical butter spreading to come out even with your rolls.

There seemed to be lots of ice cream and the liquor stores are still full of a nice variety and open from dawn till a good deal after dusk. Things cost a good deal but the price of a bus ride hasn't changed, and there's no charge for watching the people round the fountain at Radio City. Anyone can stand all day and gaze up at the slanting decks of the Normandie, or tour the docks to see what boats are in from camouflaged invasion barges to the battleship grey one-time luxury liners of the Atlantic. All in all New York is as wonderful as ever.

In spite of what seemed to be a greater shortage of foods than we have in Canada with definitely far higher prices, the restaurants do you very well. Scalloped dishes are plentiful on menus, and cheese is used a good deal.

Of course scalloping is one of the nicest ways known for making a limited amount of meat or fish go further than it would if served plain. Too, oven dishes are pretty useful for you can get them ready when you have the time, and then just slide them into the oven half an hour before meal time. Another advantage is that of serving them in the dish you cook them in which saves dish washing, and you can whip through the dishes and make the movies on time. It's true that way back when you got the food ready you battled with saucepans and cheese graters, but cooking and washing up which you can do at your own convenience and not at some definite interval before or after a meal seems easier to fit in and less tedious to do.

### Scalloped Fish & Mushrooms

1 pound of fish
1 onion
1 green pepper
8 mushrooms or 1 can of condensed mushroom soup
1 cup of milk
1 teaspoon of minced parsley
Salt and pepper
¼ cup of grated cheese

Parboil the fish in water to which you have added a teaspoon of vinegar. Take it out and break up into pieces in a buttered baking dish. Cut the onion and green pepper in fine circles and lay in the dish mixed with the fish. Either sauté the mushrooms chopped in a little fat or else, which is easier, use a can of mushroom soup. If you sauté the mushrooms you must make a white sauce with flour and butter as the milk added straight would make too thin a mixture. If you use the soup you can mix the milk into it and pour it on straight. Season with pepper and salt, add the parsley and sprinkle with the grated cheese. Cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour, and be sure to brown the top well under the broiler. That brown crust is one of the great advantages of scalloped dishes.

### Eggs and Kidneys

To make this you should have those individual flat oven dishes. You can do it in a large dish but the problem of serving the eggs without breaking them is considerable. Of course lamb's kidneys are the nicest. Sauté them chopped in a little fat. Remove the pieces and add flour to the remaining fat in the pan. If the mixture is not brown, then brown the flour, add salt and pepper and enough hot water to make a small amount of gravy. Stir to avoid lumps and when it has thickened remove from the heat. Break two eggs into each buttered baking dish, rather at one side of it. On the other side put a tablespoonful of the kidneys and pour on a little of the gravy. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and cook till the eggs have just set but are not hard.

## What's Cooking in the Army

BY TWO PIPPER

HORRIBLE stories about the English food situation circulate through our messes in Canada. There we heard about margarine, meat that wasn't meat, milk that wasn't milk, and so on.

It isn't so. Yesterday I was duty Joe (which being interpreted means orderly officer—which means the subaltern who is handy-man and investigator for the day). I was duly present at the three meals in the men's mess hall and my salivary glands were titillated. The men say that the meals are the best they have had in the army—not excepting military centres in Canada. They get beef, pie, coffee, eggs, cakes, etc., in good quantities and well prepared. Of course our camp has the best food in England. Naturally.

Without batting an eyelash I can truthfully say that the men feed better than the officers. This is due partly to good cooks and careful supervision; partly to an able messing officer who wisely spends the extra cash allowance per man, per day, which beneficent authority bestows as a supplement to the regular army ration; partly to the modern era. In the old days an officer's creed ran, "First look after your horses, then your men, then yourself." Now the horses are gone, so a double dose of attention goes to the men.

Nobody looks after us.

### Breakfast Menu

We dash into the mess as late as possible for breakfast. Powdered milk for our cereal with the powder floating about like chalk dust. (It can be properly mixed, but isn't). Two sausages made chiefly of flour and soya beans and, as an afterthought, meat. Potatoes. (O tempora, o mores!) One burnt piece of toast. Coffee in the English mode. Some jam. All deliciously cold, deliciously starchy and deliciously inedible except the very good margarine and jam.

Lunch time comes. Five minutes before the hour a mob assembles at the closed door. The hour strikes, doors open. Whish-sh-sh—a vacuum in the hall. Ten minutes later there's a vacuum in the dining-room. A mob of hungry officers has devoured soup and main course, or main course and dessert (it depends on the day) and quantities of the dark, solid standard English wartime bread. But we eat like officers and gentlemen, for we use both knife and fork—none of this transatlantic stuff of fork in the right hand and a bread-pusher in the left.

### Hunger Pangs

Supper (politely called dinner) is a more leisurely affair. We spend twelve minutes on it. There is usually some meat with gravy made of the same substance from which the soup was concocted at lunch. More bread. And a pudding-pie, or rice pudding. There is a great quantity of starch, even in the meat. Then we repair to the bar to see if a fresh ration of chocolate has arrived.

Soon we are hungry again. The hour between nine and ten is spent hovering greedily in the mess anteroom. Sandwiches and tea (sans milk and sugar) are due at ten. Five minutes off the hour subalterns have elbowed the colonel and the major to the outer edge of the crowd around a table. The plate comes in. Before it reaches the table outstretched hands transform the pyramid of sandwiches into a convex slope. As it nears the table the pile becomes a gentle slope. In another second it's a plain. When the C.O. gets his reach in he is fighting a losing battle for a desert.

Yes, the food situation is desperate. The meals — well, you know that situation. The N.A.A.F.I. canteens—I usually manage only two or three visits a day. Y.M.C.A. and Sally Ann mobile canteens in the field—occasionally. Meals at private homes and restaurants—not more than thrice a week. Parcels of food from home—well, I admit these are sources of midnight snacks after the 10 p.m. sandwiches.

I can't understand why I am putting on weight.


Have a "Coke"=Let's be friendly

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Where you find democracy, you find the feeling of friendliness, of give-and-take — the spirit of neighbourliness. It's made up of little things that mark a way of life; sports, fair play, movies, comics and swing music. A simple phrase like *Have a "Coke"* turns strangers into friends, the same in both hemispheres. Around the globe Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes* —has become the high-sign of the good-hearted.

"Coke"=Coca-Cola

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# Santa Fé Specials

BY DOROTHY HALLER

ON ONE of the narrow streets of old Santa Fé is a little Spanish restaurant whose fame has spread far. The unpretentious shop is called "El Plato Sabroso" (The Tasty Plate). And it is "sabroso" indeed!

Its pleasant matronly proprietor, Dona Eloisa Delgado De Stewart, is a descendant of one of the earliest Spanish settlers. She treasures the family recipes, preparing each with a touch of artistry.

If you are seeking a subtle variation of the traditional Sunday chicken try her

### Arroz Con Pollo

1 (3½-pound) chicken, cut for fricassee
1 small onion
2 cloves garlic
2 bay leaves
2 teaspoons salt

Wash chicken and place in covered saucepan with remaining ingredients, adding water to cover. Simmer slowly 1 to 1½ hours or until tender.

### Rice

1 cup uncooked rice
3 tablespoons butter or drippings
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 onion, minced
1 clove garlic, mashed
½ cup tomatoes
1 sweet green pepper, thinly sliced
2 pimientos, mashed
2½ cups chicken stock
Salt to taste

Brown rice in butter. Add remaining ingredients, cover and simmer slowly until rice is tender, about 20 minutes. Serve rice mounded in centre of hot platter surrounded with pieces of chicken. Yield: 6 servings.

When the New Mexican legislature is in session in Santa Fé, it is no surprise to find El Plato Sabroso's tables crowded with legislators and ranchers in town for the event. Their favorite luncheon dish is

### Huevos Rancheros

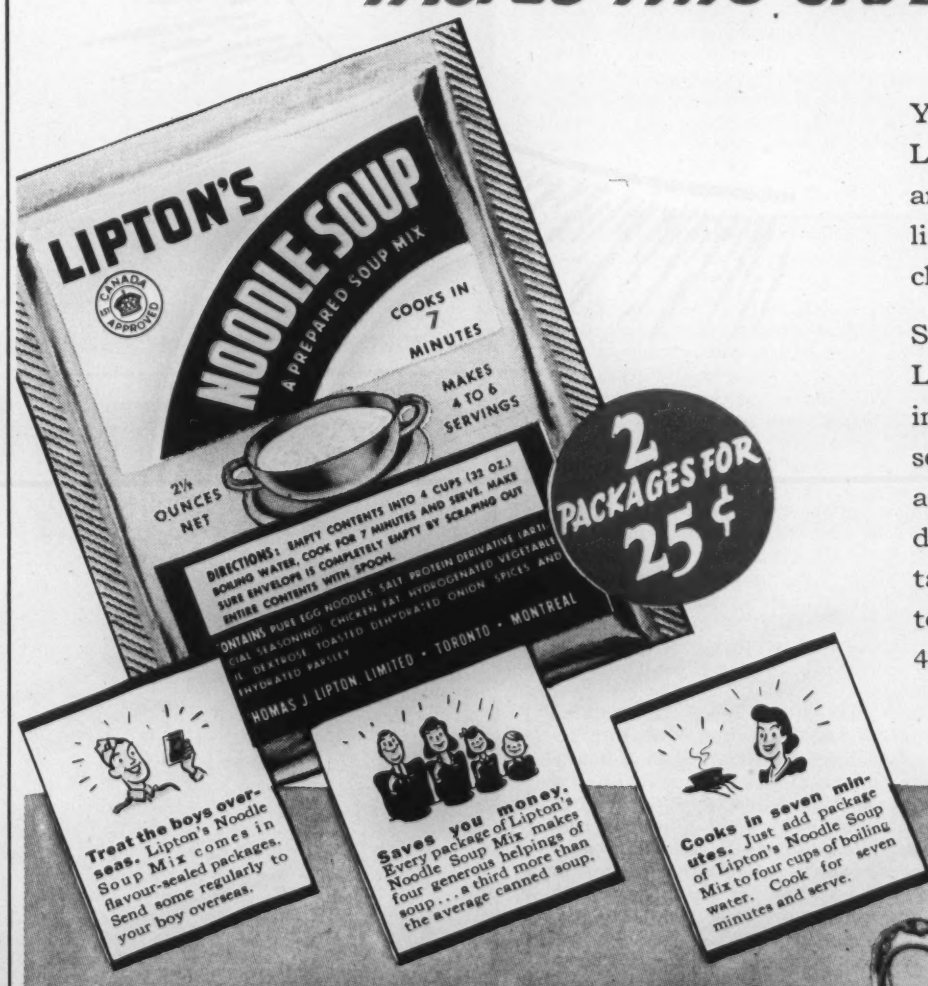
1½ teaspoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 small onion, minced
½ small green hot pepper
1 cup tomatoes, fresh or canned
¼ teaspoon salt
8 poached eggs

Brown flour in butter. Add onion, pepper, tomatoes and salt. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Serve over eggs. Yield: 4 servings.

To the uninitiated, some Spanish-American foods may seem rather highly seasoned with the chili pepper which gives them their distinctive flavor. Getting accustomed to the "heat" of chili may take a little time. With a chili-seasoned dish, South-westerners suggest drinking milk, coffee or some carbonated beverage rather than water. If the chili still tastes hot, they'll advise you to eat more bread and butter with the meal. Before long, you will delight in this new flavor, and you will want chili dishes often. (Incidentally chili has been found to be rich in vitamin A and vitamin C.)

Even the simplest of Spanish or Mexican foods are likely to require chili.

M-M-M-M-
JUST WAIT TILL YOUR DADDY TASTES THIS GRAND NEW SOUP!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A PREPARED SOUP MIX
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COOKS IN 7 MINUTES
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Yes, throughout Canada thousands of families are serving Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix. Thousands of Dads, Mothers, and Children too, are fast learning just how delicious, how light and yet how sustaining, is this rich taste-tempting, chicken-y-flavoured noodle soup.

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# DRESSING TABLE

## Staying Qualities

BY ISABEL MORGAN

DOES your face powder do a disappearing act five minutes after it has been patted on and are all your careful efforts with make-up lost to view within a half hour? And are you still wondering if there is some special magic that enables other women to present a well-groomed face when they are miles and hours from a mirror? There really isn't any mystery about it. In all likelihood you are not using the correct foundation for powder—or even more likely, none at all.

Powder and all the rest of the things you apply to your skin must have a base to keep them there for a reasonable length of time. Some authorities estimate that powder will remain on a foundation six times as long as it does when one is not used.

Everyone needs a powder base, and the sort you use depends on your skin type. A dry skin needs a base that is richly emollient to supply it with the oils it lacks and to give powder something to cling to; a normal skin is best suited by a cream or lotion that is nicely balanced in its ingredients; an oily skin requires a base that is rather astringent in action. Other bases of rather opaque quality help to conceal tiny blemishes or other skin faults. All have the ideal qualities of smoothing and preparing the way for the glamor touches to follow. Whatever the brand of cosmetics that claims your loyalty you are pretty sure to find it includes a foundation base specially and carefully tailored to the needs of your type of skin.

However, having found the right base, don't ask *too* much of it. Don't expect it to be on the job from morning to night with new layers of fresh powder patted on at night over old powder that has been there since dawn's early light. In the evening remove all the day's make-up with soap and water cleansing and then give your face a fresh start with a new application of base cream or lotion. You'll feel better. Certainly you'll look much more shining and fresh.

Many of us make the regrettable error of not going far enough with the base. A face is not a mask beginning at the forehead and ending a little way under the chin. All preparations such as base and powder should be applied up close to the hairline (use a close-fitting band around the head to protect the hair), around to the ears—and don't forget the lobes of the ears—down under the chin and all over the neck. In this way your face matches the rest of you instead of being something strangely apart. The effect is utterly natural instead of being grotesque and rather puzzling to the curious onlooker.

Be sure that base is applied smoothly—not too heavily. Pat lotion in—don't rub it on with a heavy hand. Creams — especially the opaque sort—are best applied in little dots and dabs all over the face and neck. Then blend all the little dots together with a smoothing motion of the fingertips. If there seems to be an excess press a cleansing tissue against the skin to remove some of the too generous application.

### Type Casting

Face powder is like many of the pretty women you meet "on duty" today. Charming, gracious, completely feminine, they are actually marvels of courage and efficiency, giving hours of steady service with unmatched endurance. Face powder, seemingly as fragile as thistle down, performs a practical, long-hour service to beauty. If the texture is smooth and even it glides over your skin like chiffon, concealing little blemishes and lending a fresh, radiant tone. If the shades are thoroughly blended by atom-sensitive machines, the power lends the skin a luminous petal-quality. When fine ingredients are combined by experts, the powder will possess adherence and its flattery will enhance the skin for hours.

A beauty-aid you really live with, face powder should be chosen with the utmost care. There is a series of face powders made by Harriet Hubbard Ayer that possess all these desirable attributes plus another feature. They are blended in several weights so that there is a type to suit every skin—a special gossamer weight for the very dry skin—another for the skin that is inclined to be oily—and a third type for the normal skin. All these face powders have the additional charm of rare, bright fragrance. One has a perfume as fresh as a breeze over fields of clover.

• •

SHOPPING for the family meals hasn't always been a woman's job. In ancient Rome it was regarded as man's work. When a boy reached the age of 12 he accompanied his father to market to receive instructions in the "art" of food buying.

• •

"IT'S not what we hae, but what we dae wi' what we hae that coonts."—Text inscribed on wall of research kitchen, British Ministry of Food.


To-day as in the past, the 'Salada' label is your guarantee of a uniform blend of fine quality teas.

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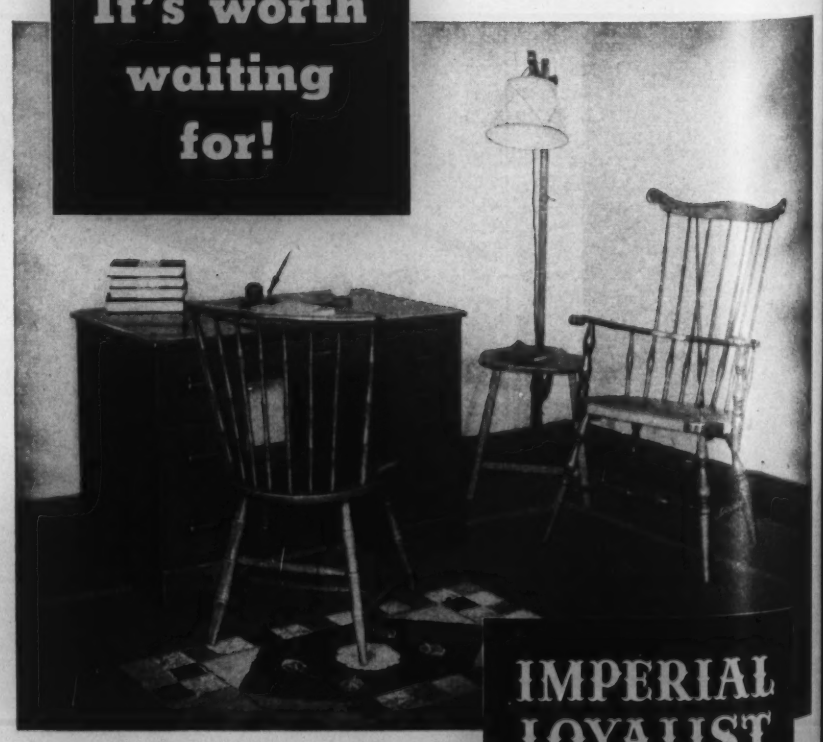

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LOOK FOR THIS BRAND ON EVERY IMPERIAL LOYALIST PIECE

# Norway's Girl Navy—Sailors For The Duration

BY C. PATRICK THOMPSON

THE destroyer gathered speed, and the girls' hair blew out under their trim round sailor caps with the little red-white-and-blue cockade and "KGL. NORSKE MARINE" on the band.

"You will find shooting from a moving ship more difficult than range practice," said the lieutenant. "Load!"

Slender hands gripped the flat butts of big Colt 45's.

"Fire!"

A training party of the lately-created Norwegian Women's Naval Corps were out on one of the periodical trips which familiarize them with warships and work conditions in the Royal Norwegian Navy. It's a small navy, but tough, manned by around 500 officers and 4,500 petty officers and ratings — and the Norwegian women auxiliaries, who increasingly replace sailors in the administration and like branches.

Commander-in-Chief Rear Admiral Elias Corneliussen doesn't object to lipstick, trim coiffes, and kindred femininities among the naval women auxiliaries, but he insists on something more than mere efficiency. You don't rate in the Norwegian WRNS merely by being a crack stenographer, filer, car or truck driver, communications operative, or even a nurse. You have to be a navy girl, too.

So the girls are pulled off whenever possible and put aboard ships. Three strenuous weeks follow. Rise-and-shine is at 7 a.m., ashore or in the old Norwegian harbor-moored destroyer where the girls are quartered for one of the courses. Breakfast, clean-up quarters, parade, hoist and salute the flag: and then it's 9 o'clock, and the day's real work begins. First aid, signaling, small-boat handling, swimming, map-reading and compass-reading. Charts, warship organization. Physical workouts, including boat drill. Small-arms drill, lectures on seamanship.

At Royal Norwegian Naval headquarters, "somewhere in England," I talked to three of the girls who represented a cross section of the whole group.

One had escaped from Nazi-held Norway on foot and by plane, another in a 35-foot fishing boat, the third in a British warship. We will call them Sigrid, Kari and Ragnhild. Their real names must be blacked out.

## Quick Getaway

Early one day in the fall of 1942, word passed down the underground grapevine that Sigrid must get out. She had been active in the underground movement, and the Gestapo was on her trail. She packed a rucksack and walked out with a companion, heading east.

They caught a couple of rides in farm carts. But most of the time they were in the deep fir forest. The *bekks* (swift deep streams) there were troublesome, but they found a couple of poles and pole-vaulted the streams. "I never thought I'd have to pick up that sport at my time of life!" Sigrid laughed. They crossed the frontier in the midst of a blinding hailstorm, and finally arrived at a farm. They approached, and at the barn door Sigrid asked cautiously: "Is this Sweden?" It was, and they were safe. Sigrid eventually got a seat on a westbound plane, flew on to England, and joined the fight again; but this time in the open, and in the uniform of her country's navy.

Kari, youngest girl in the class, handled her revolver with the deftness of an old hand.

"You ever handled one of these before?" asked the surprised instructor.

"A friend of mine had one," said Kari.

Her compatriot looked at her and asked no more questions. Barring Quisling's bodyguards, no Norwegian in Norway may own a weapon. Penalty for disobeying this decree is death.

She lived in a little fishing village on the rim of the Arctic with her sister and brother-in-law and their two children. The escape had been a secret dream for a long time. Eight shared the dream. One could make it come true. He was the owner of a 35-foot fishing boat with an auxiliary engine.

We will call the owner Olaf. He was very patient. Out of his scanty petrol allowance he saved a little each time, made his methodical preparations. He reckoned on fair weather, but one couldn't tell, and so they would need food for two to three weeks. The Nazis kept strict control of all Norwegian food except goat-milk, so it was goat-milk cheese that went into store.

One night the boat slipped out with eight adults and a three-months'-old baby aboard.

It took them a week to make it. Twice they sighted a plane, far away, no bigger than a bird in the sky. But the plane, friend or enemy, didn't spot them either time.

Their first "Land-ho!" signal was a shot across the bows. Olaf hove to, and a British patrol boat scurried up, checked on them, escorted them into Lerwick port.

The Norwegian Consul and the military authorities at the port took charge of the party, the British naval authorities took over the boat, and the British customs authorities unsmilingly confiscated the balance of the goat cheese.

Ragnhild, an elfin girl with piquant face and gay smile, right out of a Hans Andersen story, has been wafted from an inactive holiday in an Arctic island to an active career with the Royal Norwegian Navy based on Britain. To get away from the sight of the grey-green uniforms that had engulfed her land, she went to visit her parents on Spitzbergen.

"No uniforms here, thank God," she thought. But the second day she woke up—there were plenty of uniforms all around!

However, they were khaki. A British-Canadian task force had arrived to blast one of Germany's sources of high-grade coal.

The raiders took off all the islanders, including Ragnhild.

I asked Ragnhild what she was looking forward to. "British navy girls are going to get jobs afloat soon. We may get jobs afloat, too. If we do, we shall be there when our navy goes over to help retake Norway. I hope I'll be aboard a warship then. That's what I'm looking forward to."

The Nazis have sown plenty of whirlwinds in Europe. Norway is one they are going to reap—and how!

I SHOP THE TOWN FOR MY HATS
MY DRESSES
MY ACCESSORIES

but never my face powder!

because that's blended expressly for me—to my own skintone—right before my eyes by

Charles of the Ritz

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# THE OTHER PAGE

## Der Fuehrer's Pot-pourri

BY E. J. PRATT

AT NIGHT infernal tunes ran through his head
With alternating sweat and shiver:
It was his meals, the doctor said,
Which lay so heavy on his liver,
And the abnormal rate
At which he drank and ate.
In lieu of prime beef of Yorkshire—
His most desired plate—
Had he not taken
That Netherlandish bacon?
Why did the butler serve
That Danzig flounder as *hors d'oeuvre?*
And then, *ach Gott,*
That cramping stitch
In the appendix, was it not
Those gamey pheasants that Mihailovitch
Had sent him from the Jugo-Slavian mountains?
And had analysis not shown
Bacilli in the Vichy fountains,
And ptomaine in the Baltic tunny?
Besides, his chef had coaxed him to devour
A bannock made of raw Ukrainian flour,
Corinthian currants, and Hymettus honey.

Thus with his stomach sated,
His nightmare ran to tunes he hated:
*God Save the King* and *Auld Lang Syne*
Played havoc with *Die Wacht am Rhein.*
"Allons enfants de la patrie"
Broke the *Horst Wessel* melody.
"Sprung from holy soil of Hellas,
Hail we still sweet Liberty"
Were notes that struck like mortal pains.
He turned for solace
To *Deutschland ueber Alles,*
But heard instead the strains—
"I'm William of Nassau,
Dutch blood in my veins" . . .
"King Christian stood beside the mast,
His glittering sword was swinging fast."
He tried some variations all his own—
*O Tannenbaum!*
*O Lebensraum!*
But gave them up with a dismal moan.

Exiles returned, a million strong,
To sing to the Fuehrer all night long.
"The waters with a thousand homes"
Poured from a wild Norwegian throng.
Poles who with Starzynski bled,
Czechs whom Benes might have led,
Mustered round his gory bed,
Singing lustily—
"But we shall be free."
That Polish *rota* drove him mad—
"We shall not leave our native land,
Forsake our folk, nor stand
An alien tongue.
Each doorstep shall a fortress be."
And when he summoned Wagner for a chorus,
With Siegfried and Bruenhilde at their head,
To right a great Teutonic wrong
And quell the rabble discord of this scene,
The Master sent a Nibelung instead—
The scourging Alberich—but Hitler found
Even the thunder of this aria drowned
In the basso roar of a Volga song
Led by the soul of Chaliapin
Before the podium of Stalin.

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### BRIDGEHEAD

IT WAS for this. . .
I know it, now,
My darling,
That you gave your body
To be a stepping stone
Into Sicily!

I can remember, now
(Holding this knowledge like a clear stone
In my two hands)
I can remember, now,
Not seeing the "why" or the "wherefore" . . .

It WAS necessary
That midnight in November
For your life to be snuffed out
Like the warm flame of a candle...
You were part of the "plan". . .

But I was not in the mood
For blueprints!

MONA GOULD.

### BACKWARD GLANCE

STIFF I walked in my Sunday boots
Oft in an elder day;
Creaking protests and mournful hoots
Every step of the way!

So, in my Sunday clothes confined,
(Day of Rest is a boon!)
"Pilgrim's Progress" improved my mind
All of the afternoon.

Out-of-doors there was never a sign.
Flicker and wren and jay,
Black squirrel, weasel and porcupine
Dressed as on every day.

Counting the knots on memory's cord,
Oftenwhiles I have "thunk"
Maybe I could have praised the Lord
Barefooted—like the skunk.

J. E. M.

### TREE

MASSED leaves
Are jerking sunnily.
They knock crisply above assembled grass;
They hang jaggedly over a village skyline.

Out of low shadows,
A level of dark soil,
Has come seed-given reticulations of splayed branches,
Wrinkling across the land with sun-and-wind revels,
Receiving the seasons, a variegated island.

The full shape of this green adventurer,
Completely melodious, earth-directed, earth-organized,
Has excited me as a lover.
I am stirred with longing
By plumey currents of foliage,
By the planetary grace of blown twigs.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

# THE OTHER PAGE

## The Door Closed

BY ISABEL HOWIE

"YES," said John Briggs, settling back in his chair, "the schools will solve the Non-Anglo-Saxon problem. Just send our children all to the same schools and differences in race will disappear."

"True, a sort of melting pot," agreed Mel Reid.

MARY MALNYCHUK was very happy in the school she attended at Kamsack, Sask. Her name made no difference to her there. Polish, Russian, Ukrainian, English, Doukhobor, all were the same, attending one school and treated without favoritism or partiality by the teachers. Each child accepted the others as equals without prejudice or jealousy. A stranger entering the classroom would never have been able to distinguish the children by race.

Mary, herself, had a very successful school life. She was clever and generally well liked. Her grades were high and she starred in one of the school plays in her final year. As for friends, she enjoyed the companionship of May Brown and Joyce Lane as much as that of Olga Wolchock and Rose Kosarenko.

After graduating from High School, Mary went to Business College as did a number of her friends. All went well and she finished her course with a speed, accuracy and practical ability exceeding that of most of her classmates.

When it came to securing a position, however, it was a different story. May Brown and Joyce Lane both had work within a few months but, look as she might, Mary Malnychuk could find none. At each place she applied the questions and answers would be about the same.

"Your name, please?"

"Mary Malnychuk."

"Address?"

"Box 568."

"Well, Miss Malnychuk, I'll keep your name on file and if anything turns up I'll let you know."

Then a week or a month later she would hear that Jessie Reid or Nelly Mackenzie had a position in the firm to which she had applied. Finally she got summer work at the local creamery candling eggs. That was the summer of 1942.

MARY'S brother, John, had graduated from school in the spring of 1939. Undecided what to do he had worked on a farm during the summer. When, in September, war was declared he immediately went down to Regina to enlist. Being physically A1 he was accepted and was overseas by the summer of 1941 in the South Saskatchewan Regiment.

In August, 1942, came news of the Dieppe raid in which the South Saskatchewan Regiment figured so largely. Mary Malnychuk and her family waited anxiously for news. Finally the telegram was brought to the door.

"Mrs. Malnychuk?"

"Yes."

"Sign here please."

With trembling hands she signed and opened the message: "We regret to inform you that your son, John, was killed in action at Dieppe."

John was dead.

The papers carried John's picture the next day, a local hero. Some people called to offer their sympathy.

A FEW weeks later Joyce Lane phoned: "Mary, I have decided to get married and am resigning. I was wondering if you would be interested in my job. I just told Mr. Briggs this afternoon."

"Why thanks a lot Joyce. I certainly would like to have something more in my own line. I'll see him tomorrow and apply."

Tomorrow came and Mary did apply at Mr. Briggs' office.

"Joyce told me she was leaving, Mr. Briggs, and I wondered if you would consider me for her position."

"Your name, please?"

"Mary Malnychuk."

"Address?"

"Box 568."

"What training have you had?"

"Grade 12 and I graduated from the Business College here."

"Experience?"

"None. I was only able to get work candling eggs."

"I see. Well, Miss Malnychuk, I don't know just what I will do yet. If I should need you I'll get in touch with you."

As the door closed Mr. Briggs turned to Joyce Lane and said, "I don't care how nice or how clever she is, I won't have a girl with a name like that in my office. I want an English girl here."

## A Song Unsung

BY LUDMILLA LEMAN

I DON'T know why Mother took Mark Kelepovitch for a singing pupil. It must have been out of pity. He was completely uneducated, musically, tone deaf, and had a voice like the roar of an angry mountain lion.

But he wanted to sing. All his life he'd wanted to sing, and never had a chance before. He worked instead—hard manual labor by night and by day, until finally he'd saved enough money to come for lessons.

He was already married when he came to us—a dark, taciturn fellow, who rarely smiled. We put him down as sulky and rather unpleasant at first. And then we took another look and began to like him. It was his humility and perseverance that won our admiration.

Singing one note and trying to hit the next without the aid of the piano seemed at first an ordeal beyond his powers, and many a time Mother nearly gave up in despair. And then she would look up and see him; his tie loosened, in shirt-sleeves, with beads of perspiration on his forehead, he struggled on, glowing with happiness and excitement which transformed his whole face.

"He almost looks beautiful at moments like that," Mother explained.

There was no question, however, of how much the lessons meant to him and what joy he got out of the sounds he produced. It isn't that he thought them good, but to be even that close to singing comforted him and gave him courage on his way. And the way was very steep and tortuous. He made progress—very slowly, it is true, and painfully for both himself and his listeners, but still the big day finally arrived when Mark got his first song. It was a very happy day for him and we couldn't help sharing his happiness—it meant so much to him.

"I work. I no go to pool-room, I no smoke, I no drink, I save for lessons," he said, the longest speech we ever heard him make, "and now I sing!"

But he didn't sing. The telephone rang one evening the night before his lesson and it was Mark, asking for Mother in a choked and funny sort of voice. We were very hushed waiting for her to come and tell us what had happened.

Mark was crying over the phone—it must have hurt deeply for him to cry—as he told her that his wife wouldn't let him sing any more. The money was to go into some furniture.

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# A Challenge to Anglo-American Civilization

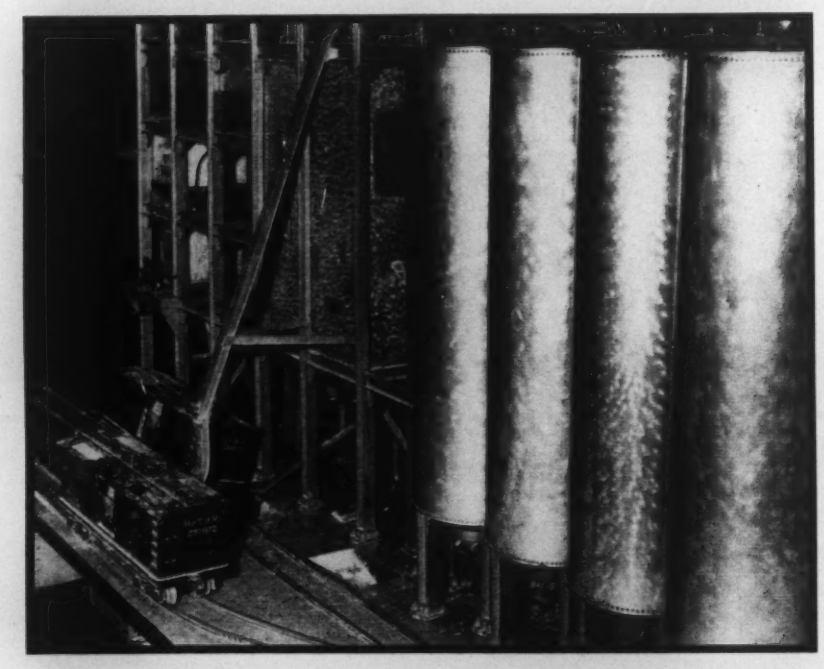
BY STANLEY McCONNELL

**The Anglo-American alliance for war and peace objectives marks the reunion of the divided members of the Anglo-Saxon family in meeting a twofold challenge, one military, the other economic.**

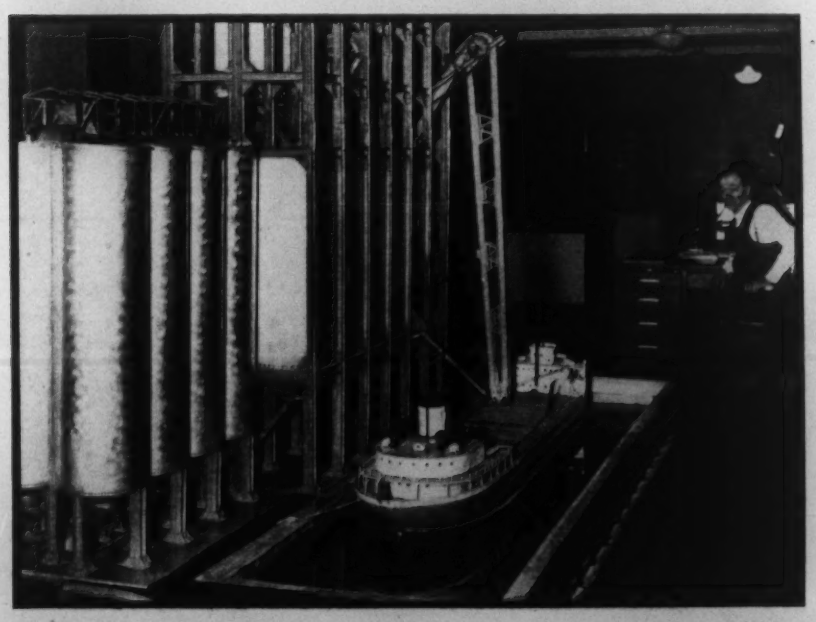
**The economic challenge is to preserve the continuity of the Anglo-Saxon way of life in its evolution toward freedom and power which is now threatened by collectivist trends, political and financial.**

**An adequate response to this challenge, according to the writer, is to be found neither in a return to prewar capitalism nor in any form of collectivism but in removing the cause of purchasing power deficiency and so adapting our scale of values to the technological age.**

**Canadian wheat is helping to feed the nations fighting and working with us. Its postwar job will be greater still. But there are many intermediate stages before the wheat grown on Canadian farms reaches dinner tables the world over in the form of bread, cake or cereal. The price you pay for bread may be decided by what goes on in the world's largest grain market, the "pit" of the Chicago Grain Exchange, where hundreds of thousands of carlots change hands hourly. You don't see much grain at the Exchange. What you do see is usually packed in little paper bags. They are samples of the current day's carlot arrivals, tested and graded by market officials (above) and on hand for examination by prospective buyers. However the grain elevator facilities of the Chicago mart are second to none in the world, with storage space for nearly 50 million bushels. The scale model below is on display at the Exchange. It illustrates how rapidly a car of grain can be unloaded. The entire car is hoisted in the air and emptied in a matter of minutes.**



**The market is the hub of a gigantic transportation system, embracing 25 railroad lines as well as river barge lines and lake steamers. Here is a model of an elevator loading a typical grain boat of the Great Lakes.**



THE view developed by Spengler and others that every civilization is subject to a predetermined cycle of growth, maturity and decline is refuted by Arnold Toynbee with the more convincing explanation that the fall of civilizations is inherent in the simple formula of challenge and response.* At various stages in its evolution a civilization is presented with certain problems which it is called upon to solve. Its fate is determined by the nature of its response.

Applying this to current history, our civilization is evidently passing through one of its most critical periods. One challenge has been faced and met—the challenge that it was decadent and unable to fight effectively in its own defence. The hope which inspired that challenge by the totalitarian powers was its apparent disunity, its inability to cope with economic disorders and its worship of financial orthodoxy. Capitalizing on its weakness, the younger and more vigorous races, sternly realistic, would cut through the monetary tangle, unseat the gold standard and through a system of state barter and control of all material resources, inherit the twentieth century and the fair places of the earth.

Had the Nazi overlords been thoroughly sold on the Spenglerian doctrine, they might well have awaited the event while consolidating their own position. But because of their failure to meet the economic challenge under a liberal economy they were tempted to aid and abet history and to snatch the rich dividend of world hegemony through their greater historical prescience.

It was a twofold challenge to the whole Anglo-American world position, one military, the other economic. The first challenge was countered by the mobilization of the vast productive energies of the coalition under a war economy which in spite of controls and restrictions expressed the voluntary character of Anglo-Saxon tradition. The response in the financial sense was also traditional for it broke at no essential point with orthodoxy. In the immediate and urgent task of winning the war the leaders had no time to repair economic bridges but deferred the whole problem to the post-war period.

The peace will reaffirm the Anglo-Saxon way of life for the British Commonwealth, United States and the liberated peoples who choose to adopt it. The economic challenge which Germany answered in her own way must then be faced—a challenge pointed by the material devastation of war, the disorganization of world trade and the aftermath of wartime finance which will leave the various nations with unprecedented internal debts.

The mind goes back to 1918, to the effect of the war debts and reparations on all efforts to restore normal trading relationships. The attempt to transmit these vast unilateral payments across the exchanges disorganized world trade and helped set the stage for the second world war. In the end the war debts paradox resolved itself by the default of the debtors.

One can only estimate the effect on domestic production and trade of the internal debts which will continue to expand while the war lasts. Like the external war debts they represent claims for which no corresponding assets exist. They call for unilateral payments from debtor to creditor which generate no economic

* A Study of History

## THE BUSINESS ANGLE

# No More "Economic Nationalism"

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THERE are several things about the post-war we can be sure of, whatever the angle of approach. We're going to have an enormously enlarged manufacturing capacity. We're going to need employment for more of our people than were ever employed before. We shall have to produce more goods and services than we've ever produced in peacetime and keep our national income close to the wartime peak if we're going to make good on our social security undertakings and support our new huge national debt.

These add up to one dominating fact: that we shall have to make the fullest and most efficient use of our productive resources—a much better use than ever before. We can't afford any missing cylinders, much less a breakdown such as we had in the 1930's.

For example, we can't afford a repetition of the nonsense of "economic nationalism" that contributed so much to the debacle of the '30's. That phrase, you may remember, was used to dignify an attempt by every trading nation in the depression years to make its own international trade strictly one-way—in other words, to sell its own products to other countries while buying little or nothing from them. Each government used every device at its command — tariffs, import quotas and prohibitions, exchange controls and production and export subsidies—to restrict imports and promote exports. There was, of course, only one possible result; the volume of world trade touched an all-time low, national economies were deranged, unemployment reached new highs, the machinery of international trade was damaged, international resentments were created.

### It Can Happen Again!

It almost seems incredible, doesn't it, that when the breaking of the great expansionist and speculative boom of the latter 1920's was causing world-wide deflation and contraction of trade, the remedy adopted by each individual nation should be to set up barriers to such trade as still remained! Yet it was done. And it may be done again.

Not only Canada but practically every other country of importance outside Europe will emerge from this war with greatly enlarged productive equipment which it will want to keep busy. There will be two immediate fields of employment open. One will be in producing the myriad goods for home consumption that could not be made in wartime. The other will be in furnishing supplies for the rebuilding of devastated Europe.

After the confusion of reconverting to peace is past, there should be work enough to keep everyone busy for a time, maybe two or three years. But what happens after that? To keep on producing abundantly there must be markets for what is produced, and that requires a higher than pre-war standard of living and level of purchasing power, abroad as well as at home, plus reasonably free markets. There mustn't be any more "economic nationalism".

If business men, in Canada or any other country, are to move vigorously into the supplying of these markets, making whatever adaptations in their production that may be required, they will have to have confidence in their ability to do so on a business basis. That means in their ability to earn a reasonable return on their endeavors. For if they haven't confidence, they won't venture, and there will be idle factories and unemployment.

### Trade and Tax Policies

Canadian business men should be preparing now to enter foreign markets after the war. They are making plans, of course, so far as that's possible, but they're handicapped by lack of knowledge of post-war tariffs and trade and fiscal policies. They hope that present crushing taxation will be greatly modified, but they're not certain. They don't know what their markets will take from them and, in particular, what competition they will have to meet from other suppliers. Not only will Canada have a larger production to dispose of, as compared with the pre-war, but a much larger proportion of that production will consist of manufactured goods, and there will be many items which Canada did not make before the war, and for which it will have to gain acceptance.

The task before Canadian business is so big, and its successful performance so necessary for the future welfare and security of all the people, that it can't possibly be only the concern and responsibility of business itself. Clearly, conditions favorable to business must be created and maintained, or the whole system won't work. That means that the Government has a big part to play in establishing sound trade and tax policies. Labor too must do its part in promoting prosperity, to make possible the wages and employment it demands. And business itself must recognize, more frankly than it has yet, the fact of this three-way partnership. Three-way? No—there is also the consumer. In a free society he is still the final arbiter.

activity and therefore produce no wealth. They will be a charge on all trading transactions, raising all prices, curtailing home markets and production. They have a direct and powerful bearing on the challenge which will confront the Anglo-American coalition when peace returns: To what extent will it be able to maintain its historical theme of freedom and power, of the release of the demonstrated energies of modern technology in a free money economy?

## No Adequate Response

There is little evidence of an adequate response to this challenge. There has been no repudiation of the dubious methods of wartime finance in two major wars. There is on the one hand an appeal to the state to inaugurate schemes for economic recovery and on the other a failure to realize that the traditional methods of public finance are a direct cause of purchasing power deficiency, the taproot of our economic ills.

In *The Nebraska Story* Governor Dwight Griswold points to "the vested interest of government as against the individual" as a danger equally great as the vested interest of great wealth. He lists certain ideas currently in circulation which aggravate this danger: "Public debt isn't a bad thing. It has a social value . . . It doesn't matter if public money is not spent efficiently. . . Our problem now is not to produce more but rather to divide what we have. . . There is something fishy and a little indecent about the profit motive. Therefore, Government must discourage new enterprises by heavy regulation, by penalty taxation. . ." **

These ideas the Governor holds to be fundamentally unsound and dangerous. Nebraska's pay-as-you-go record, its low taxation and freedom from public debt are evidence of the soundness of his views. "You cannot create wealth by simply multiplying debt," he declares. He stresses the danger of too great concentration of power in the federal government and of remote control government by bureaus and commissions. "The salvation of the state is watchfulness in the citizen" runs the legend over the entrance to the state Capitol.

The trends which Governor Griswold challenges are collectivist trends. If not controlled they imply an increasing vested interest of government in the earnings of industry and labor, the purchase of votes by a distribution of public funds in doles and subsidies, a displacement of democratic procedure by the arbitrary rule of government boards. It is the all-embracing economic challenge to the whole system of free enterprise and democracy.

## Must Close the Ranks

It is a challenge which cannot be met by viewing with alarm, by isolated struggles of business leaders to keep their enterprises afloat, by looking to the state to provide a remedy which is not to be found in the political sphere. It can only be met by a closing of the ranks of capital and labor in the realization that they are partners in a joint enterprise and that anything which imperils that enterprise is detrimental to both.

The state-looking attitude is due in part to a chastened spirit of the business world arising from the 1929 panic and subsequent depression. A current expression is an appeal to the state "to underwrite the whole economy and police the free markets. . . Unless it becomes a better policeman, the government will become a universal economic administrator; and we shall then lose all economic freedom with which our other freedoms are linked." †

Unless the duties and functions of government are more clearly defined the loss of freedom is only too likely. One cannot expect a higher level of awareness of social issues or the efficacy of particular techniques in the ranks of public officials than exists in the ranks of business administrators. It is of little use for the latter to assume a defensive attitude or to develop an inferiority complex over economic ills for which public policy is so largely responsible.

It cannot be overemphasized that the government is not a creator of purchasing power. It can divert money through taxation from private to public enterprise but such diversion does not increase the total national output. It can put money into circulation by borrowing and purchase a temporary gain at the cost of enlarging the unproductive side of the economy. It can regulate, advise, prohibit unfair competition and administer its own budget in such a way as to help stabilize business conditions. It can deal with an emergency, declare a bank holiday or a moratorium on mortgage payments. Beyond this its functions are limited and reliance upon the political arm to restore a balanced economy will prove illusory and disappointing. The use of the taxing power to redistribute the national income, however necessary it may be, is not a solution of the central problem of expanding the national income.

The technical side of the industrial revolution is measurably complete. It is a brilliant story of the adaptation of means to desired ends. The other side is the accounting side which involves the equating of purchasing power and productive capacity. It has been variously termed the problem of the machine, the problem of unemployment, the problem of distribution. It is essentially a problem of accounting which cannot be solved by a transfer of property titles or the administration of business to the state but only by establishing an equitable basis for private property and providing for capital and its expanding output a monetary expression corresponding to the realities of its performance.

Our financial order has hitherto proved itself incapable of making this adaptation. J. B. S. Haldane, the British scientist, commenting on the effect of a cheap source of power through the breaking down of the uranium atom, observes that "if these experiments succeed new power will be available in vast quantities and the whole economic history of the world will change almost overnight . . . the next few months may see the problem solved in principle. If so, power will be available in vast quantities and there will be a colossal economic crisis in capitalistic countries. The world would be immeasurably richer. Millions of men would be thrown out of work."

The economic crises have been arriving in quite respectable instalments with the release of power though many useful inventions and processes have been withheld from the market. They will be accentuated unless the necessary adjustment to the technological age is made in time. Whatever the social structure or form of government, liberal or authoritarian, that adjustment will eventually be made. It lies not in the pol-

(*Continued on Page* 47)

** The *Saturday Evening Post*, September 4, 1943.

† The *Time-Life-Fortune* Committee.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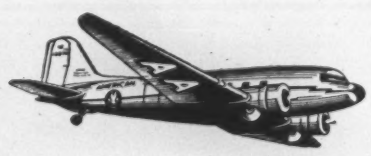

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# GOLD & DROSS

**It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.**

## NORTH STAR OIL

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*Please give me prices and dividend rates on North Star Oil shares and tell me about the possibilities for profit in these shares.*

*—E. J. H., Red Deer, Alta.*

Sorry, but you'll have to form your own opinion as to the possibilities for profit; all I can give you is information. You speak of "shares"; the company has preferred (7 per cent cumulative, par $5) and common. Dividends on the preferred have been paid regularly since 1937, and there are arrears of 35 cents a share accumulated prior to resumption. No dividends have been paid on the common. The preferred is selling around $5 and the common around $1.70.

The company's sales so far this year have shown improvement over the corresponding months of last year. North Star Oil Ltd. operates in Western Canada and does a large business with the farming communities of the west, and the increased purchasing power of the farmer, resulting from the heavy demand for food and farm products, is being reflected in sales. However, owing to the incidence of the excess profits tax, the company's net results are restricted and the improvement in sales is not being carried through to final profit results. In the year ended December 31, 1942, the company provided $103,500 for income and excess profits taxes of which $9,000 was refundable. In 1941 tax provision amounted to $72,000 and in 1940 to $40,000. Operations for the company for 1942 resulted in net profit equal to 56 cents a share on the preferred stock, or the highest since that of 59 cents a share reported for 1938, and 21 cents a share on the common.

Of late years substantial improvement has been effected in the financial position through increased working capital and reduction in funded debt. Net working capital of $145,694 at December 31, 1938, had been increased to $283,056 at December 31, 1942, and funded debt of the subsidiary, Petroleum Realty Corporation, Limited, in the same period reduced from $1,097,500 to $688,000 and accounts payable from $1,873,311 to $1,311,794. Bank loans were paid off in 1941. Susbidiary "A" bonds of $259,000 were paid off last year, and it is understood that series "B" bonds have been reduced during the current year.

## SPRINGER STURGEON

*Editor, Gold & Dress:*

*Shares of Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines have more than doubled in price in the last two months and I have been unable to find any reason for the advance. The stock has been recommended to me as a purchase and I would appreciate information.*

*—F. M. S., Montreal, Que.*

The possibility of the opening up in South America of a large potential market for Canadian barite, most of which is at present being shipped to Trinidad for use in the oil fields there, by Canadian Industrial Minerals Ltd., subsidiary of Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines, undoubtedly is the reason for the recent sharp upturn in the price of the shares of the

## BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

**BY HARUSPEX**

**The ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: Stocks on the New Work market, from which Canadian stocks take their cue, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed, and a reversal in the short term trend to a downward direction was recently (August 2) indicated. For further discussion of intermediate outlook, see below.**

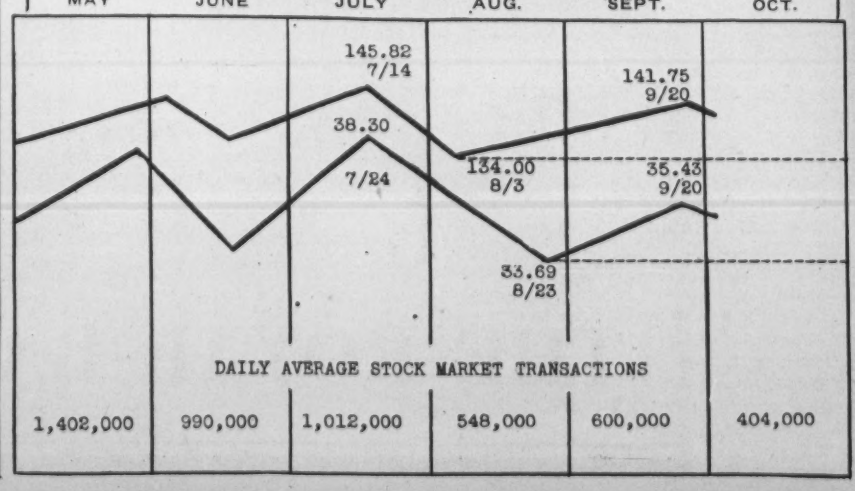
IS MARKET ACTION FORESHADOWING PEACE?

Stock prices continue to fluctuate within the narrow horizontal range or line formation that has now been under way for over two months. Volume throughout the period has been relatively light. The whole phenomenon is remindful of the interval running from October 1939 through April 1940. In that instance, stocks fluctuated within a narrow range with but listless public participation. Then came the whirlwind drive of the German armies through France. This dynamic change in the war outlook galvanized investment activity and a following break of some forty points in the Dow-Jones industrial average was witnessed.

During the October 1939 to April 1940 interval the stock market paused for a piece of news, namely, just how serious a war, in the military sense, was aloose in Europe. When the answer came the market promptly discounted the implications, thereby leaving its long trading range behind. The current two-month line represents a similar pause as the market awaits an important development. Is it not probable, in this instance, that the averages are trying to determine when and how peace is coming in Europe and is it not also probable that, when definite indications on the subject do come, the market will resolve the existing stalemate by a downward move?

In due time, of course, the averages, themselves, will supply the answer by moving decisively through the line's lower or upper limits. Closes in both the rail and the industrial averages at or under 32.68 and 132.99 would indicate downside breaking, calling for the 125 to 112 level mentioned in previous of our Forecasts. To the contrary, should the rail average, without further weakness, now close at or above 36.12, with the industrials holding at or above 139.46, upside breaking of the line would be signalled. In such event the industrial average could temporarily climb to or moderately above its mid-July peak but it is doubtful that the rails would confirm such strength, following which renewed decline by both averages would be in order.

**DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES**



**WAR CALLS FOR THRIFT**

When the government war-time programme calls for money, be prepared. Be in a position to write your cheque. Have a balance in your savings account constantly growing. Open an account with the Canada Permanent and make deposits regularly and systematically.

*2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.*

**CANADA PERMANENT**
**Mortgage Corporation**
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $62,000,000

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

**DIVIDEND NO. 227**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1943. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD
General Manager
Toronto, 22nd September 1943

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**
**HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED**
**DIVIDEND NO. 96**

A quarterly dividend of 25¢ a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Cumulative Dividend Redeemable Preference Stock of this Company, payable Wednesday, December 15, 1943 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, November 12.

**DIVIDEND NO. 97**

A dividend of $1.00 a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Common Stock of this Company payable Wednesday, December 15, 1943 to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday November 12.

By Order of the Board,
FLETCHER RUARK,
Secretary.
Walkerville, Canada
September 28, 1943.


## ACCOUNTING FIRM PROMOTES TORONTO MEN

Ernst & Ernst, international firm of accountants and auditors with Toronto offices in the Dominion Bank Building, have announced the appointment of W. J. Kolle (above) as Assistant Manager and H. E. Yardley as Manager of the Special Service Department of their Toronto Office. Mr. Kolle is a chartered accountant and has been associated with the firm since September 1, 1934. Mr. Yardley is a certified public accountant and has been associated with the firm since December 30, 1940.

latter company. The recent easing of the shipping situation in the Atlantic has increased production at the Nova Scotia property and reported plans of Washington to greatly increase oil shipments from South America indicates the likelihood of a much heavier demand for its output. So far this year shipments of barite to the Trinidad oil fields have exceeded 14,000 tons, a gain of 4,000 tons over the whole of 1942 shipments.

Canadian Industrial Minerals, in which Springer Sturgeon holds a 92 per cent interest, has one of the largest and most accessible deposits of barite on the North American continent. It has been officially estimated that over 1,000,000 tons of barite ore have been indicated by diamond drilling. In addition to its interest in the barite property Springer Sturgeon holds a large block of Leitch shares, equivalent at the present market to nearly 19 cents a share on Springer's outstanding capitalization. Claim holdings are held in Ontario, Quebec, Northwest Territories and Newfoundland, as well as shares in a number of mining ventures. No prospecting or exploration was carried out in 1942 while working capital was being furnished the barite property.

## MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I would be glad to have your opinion of the results likely to be reported by Maple Leaf Gardens Ltd. for the year of operations which ends this month.*

*—H. S. H., Hamilton, Ont.*

As the fiscal year is not yet completed and the annual report will not be out for some time, no figures are available, of course, but the payment on October 15 of the full 70 cents dividend on the 7 per cent noncumulative preferred stock—up from 40 cents per share in both 1942 and 1941—certainly indicates that results have been satisfactory. The last payment of 70 cents was for the fiscal year ended October 31, 1940.

In 1941-42 net was equal to $1.09 a share; 1940-41 61 cents a share and 1939-40 76 cents a share on the preferred stock. For years the company has been making good progress in the reduction of mortgage debt. Second and third mortgages were paid off years ago and substantial reduction made in the first mortgage. This latter amounted to $155,000 at October 31, 1942, down from an original amount of $750,000.

## NEWCOR

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I have noticed some attractive advertisements regarding Newcor Mining and Refining, and wonder if the mine is all they claim, why there is such a generous use of the newspapers. I would like your opinion as to whether or not this is a safe investment. Any information you have as to possible profits, ore chances at depth and prospects for the future generally, will be much appreciated by an old subscriber.*

*—A. C. F., Saskatoon, Sask.*

Since initial development of all mines is of necessity a speculative undertaking and although Newcor Mining and Refining Co. has developed ore of an estimated value of $1,300,000, the shares certainly can not yet be considered, "a safe investment". In the present workings to 440 feet, of which over 40 per cent has been blocked out on two or more sides, some 52,000 tons is ready for production. Beyond that the prospects for the future, of course, still remain to be determined.

In addition to the gold, the ore carries an exceptionally high content of arsenic, which occurs with the gold everywhere. Arsenic is in urgent demand at present due to the war and this is the motivating factor in getting into production as soon as possible. It is proposed to refine the arsenic right at the property, which is already fully equipped for underground development. The present share offering is to provide funds to purchase and install crushing and roasting units, refinery, gold recovery unit, power and all other necessary equipment and expenditures.

NEW ARRIVAL: "I WANT IN, TOO!"

The report of Mining Research Corp., consulting engineers, on the property, states that "a good operating profit is assured." First production is planned for a rate of approximately $500,000 per year and company officials tell me that sufficient profit should be made, taking gold at $35 an ounce and arsenic at 5½ cents a pound, to allow at least a return of $1.50 on the preferred and $1 a year on the common shares.

What the chances are of locating more ore naturally awaits further development, and in this connection all I can do is quote from the report of the consulting engineers. . . "The main vein has only been partly explored to a depth of 440 feet in the underground workings, and as it is strong at this horizon as in the upper workings where arsenic and gold are known to extend for a length of 1,200 feet along the vein, the prospects of increasing these reserves as the workings are extended on the No. 1 vein both laterally and at depth are apparent. The high-grade branch and intersecting veins encountered in the underground workings also embrace interesting possibilities."

As you intimate the advertising has been attractive, but also a bit redundant. This however, in the end may possibly cost the company less than if an underwriting and option on the shares had been given to a promotional house.

## NORTH AMER. ELEVATORS

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*Kindly tell me what you think of the 2nd preferred stock of North American Elevators Ltd. as a purchase at the present time. I note the price is low.*

*—T. K. S., Longueuil, Que.*

I don't think anything of it as an investment, but it might have possibilities as a long-pull speculation for the post-war. It's true that the price is low—current unlisted quotations are around $26 bid on the 2nd preferred, comparing with $87 bid on the 1st preferred—but there is no present prospect of its participation in dividends. The company has been paying full dividends regularly on the 1st preferred since resumption on September 1, 1940, but there are $49 of dividend arrears on the latter issue to be cleared off before the 2nd preferred could receive anything.

The volume of business done by North American Elevators Ltd. in the fiscal year ended April 30, 1943, showed a further decline and earnings from elevation, shovelling, storage and other charges amounted to $346,276 as compared with $379,632 the previous year and $436,395 in the year ended April 30, 1941, which was the peak in the company's history. Net income was equal to $7.08 per share of 1st preferred against $11.01 the previous year and $17.78 in the record period two years ago. The 1st preferred dividend was thus barely covered in the latest year.

The war has been responsible for the lower trend of earnings in the last two years for under ordinary conditions grain would move from the head of the lakes by water and be stored in such elevators as the company operates at Sorel, Que., and would have provided income from handling charges. Now little grain moves down by water and most of the St. Lawrence elevators are only partly filled.

However, it's of interest to note that during the last fiscal year the company retired $9,000 of its 6½ per cent first mortgage bonds, leaving $369,300 outstanding, and increased its net working capital from $41,184 to $86,677.

## DOMINION PORCUPINE

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*What, please, are the future prospects for Dominion Porcupine Mines?*

*—W. A. L., Alliston, Ont.*

While the Dominion Porcupine Mines property has locational interest, adjoining McIntyre Porcupine Mines on the northeast, its future prospects remain uncertain. Considerable surface work and diamond drilling has been completed but the latter was only moderately encouraging. One hole is reported as giving assays of $5 at a depth of 600 feet. Deep drilling is planned once sufficient funds are available. As of last May the company had close to $1,800 cash and no current liabilities. A year ago 200,000 shares were optioned to the firm you mention at 10 cents per share, to be paid within 36 months.


STAY ON THE JOB

*Every Day!*

• Canada's Food rules are designed to give you vitamins and minerals necessary to keep fit, to *stay on the job*—so vital to Victory. So eat right—feel right—and stay on the job!

• Continental's Income Protection Plan is designed to protect you and your family —to pay the bills—if unavoidable and expensive sickness or accident falls to your lot.

*Ask the Continental Agent for details— and a copy of "Canada's Food Rules."*

Continental
CASUALTY COMPANY
Head Office for Canada Federal Building, Toronto
R. D. BEDOLFE, *Canadian General Manager*

DEPENDABLE!
THE PORTAGE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
EST. 1884
MUTUAL SERVICE
WITH SECURITY
THE SHIELD OF PROTECTION
107R
STAUNCH as our fighting men in their resolve to carry through . . . The Portage Mutual, during 59 years of service, has weathered major disaster, economic upheaval and war. These have strengthened the Company by re-kindling its vigorous, pioneer spirit. Today it stands firm and confident, a strong bulwark in Canada's war economy.
FIRE and WINDSTORM
The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN. WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON.



NOTICE

TO THE HOLDERS OF DOMINION OF CANADA 5% BONDS DUE AND PAYABLE AT PAR OCTOBER 15, 1943 AND 4% BONDS DUE OCTOBER 15, 1945

(which have been called for payment at par on October 15, 1943)

Your holdings of these issues may be converted into Fifth Victory Loan Bonds dated November 1, 1943. Bonds of these issues will be accepted at a price of 100⅛% in payment for Fifth Victory Bonds. This conversion may be arranged during the Victory Loan with your Victory Loan salesman, with your Bank, Trust or Loan Company from whom details are available.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE

## DUCKS FLY FAST . . .

In the blind before daylight—a good shotgun in your hands — lifelike decoys — the right ammunition and experience in handling a gun—these are the important things about duck shooting.

The important things about insurance are the company your agent writes your coverage in, the soundness of its plans, its reputation for security, its record of satisfactory service to its policyholders. Ask your agent to give you coverage in—

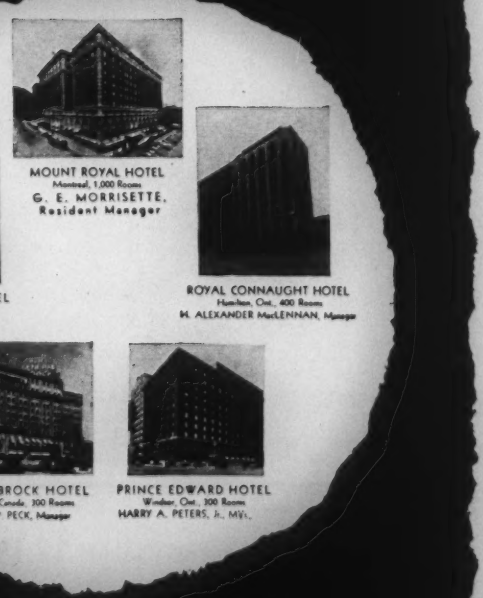
**UNION Insurance Society OF CANTON LIMITED**

Head Office for Canada — Metropolitan Building, Toronto

Colin E. Sword—Manager for Canada.



Serving Canada's War Production Line




Canada's Royal Family of Hotels

DIRECTION Vernon G. Eardley


# ABOUT INSURANCE

## Who Owns the Life Companies?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

**There is no doubt that life insurance viewed from the standpoint of its accumulated funds is a big business, but that is all to the good, because the bigger it becomes the greater are the benefits which it is able to distribute to policyholders and beneficiaries.**

**As it has been built up as a private enterprise on the co-operative principle, and on the whole has been operated in the interests of its policyholders, who own all the assets and all the profits in the case of mutual and almost all in the case of stock companies, its bigness meets with approval and not disapproval by thinking people.**

ALTHOUGH life insurance because of the huge proportions it has attained in the aggregate falls into the classification of big business, it need have no fear of public disapproval on that account once it is generally understood that it is a co-operative undertaking, whether carried on by stock companies or mutual companies, and that about 97 per cent of the total funds of the life companies belong in one way or another to the policyholders.

These funds represent the savings of a large body of policyholders—in Canada they number about 4,000,000—most of whom are of very moderate means, which savings have been deposited with the companies to secure protection against the contingencies of death, financial reverses and dependent old age. It is their money, their interests and their protection which the companies are administering. Obviously, these policyholders whose money the companies have invested in government, municipal and corporation bonds and mortgages are fundamentally the creditors of a very large part of the public and private debt in this country.

In the face of wars, epidemics and depressions, life insurance management has carried out its duties as trustees for the policyholders in a highly efficient manner on the whole, with the result that the life insurance business has triumphantly emerged from strains and stresses to which many other forms of business have proved unequal.

### No Adventitious Aid

Life insurance has received an added impetus as a result of its success in meeting the crucial tests of the last decade or two. It is to be noted, too, that it is one institution which has neither sought nor received any adventitious aid from governments in the way of preferential treatment, subsidy, tariff protection or other immunities from competition.

It has been built up as a private enterprise on the co-operative principle, because if there is any business in the country which can be said to belong to its customers it is the business of life insurance. There have been many so-called "co-operative movements" started in various parts of the world during the past fifty or sixty years, but none has attained anything like the proportions or success of the life insurance business in Canada and the United States. It is the world's outstanding example of a successful co-operative.

It is admitted that life insurance has a beneficial effect upon the character of the individual who possesses a policy, upon his self-dependence, his security and his self-respect, but it is also true that it is one of the strongest bulwarks of our present social system. As has been pointed out before, while priding ourselves on believing in the democratic system of private enterprise, it is apparent that we are going in more and more for paternalism and are permitting the government to reach further and further into our private lives, and that we are depending to an increasing extent upon government to guide our footsteps from the cradle to the grave.

It cannot be overlooked that there is a struggle going on in the world today between two separate and conflicting philosophies, the philosophy of free co-operation under the private enterprise system, and the philosophy of government ownership and operation of undertakings which owe their existence and present development to private initiative and enterprise.

Life insurance is one business which has demonstrated that everything which can be accomplished under a paternalistic or socialistic system can be done by free co-operation under the private enterprise system, and that nothing would be gained but much lost by the nationalization of the business.

But while this fact may be well known by those familiar with the operations of the life insurance business and the public safeguards which ensure its solvency and which protect the interests of the policyholders and their share of the profits earned on participating policies, it cannot be denied that much remains to be done in the way of education of the public generally and the politicians in particular if the fact is to receive sufficiently wide recognition to be effective.

### Loaning Facilities

It is interesting to note, while dealing with life insurance as a co-operative enterprise, two of its features which make a worthwhile contribution to social security. In the first place, it provides security for the individual who takes out a policy, and in the second place, by the provision of monthly income settlement options in the policy, it adds to the security of widows and children by preventing or postponing their want or privation.

Increasing attention has been paid of late to the development of what are known as Credit Unions. These organizations represent a commendable effort to make small loans available to their members at a reasonable rate of interest. But all of these Credit Unions combined provide nothing like the loaning facilities of-


**INSURANCE SERVICE THAT SATISFIES EVERYONE**

PILOT service satisfies the insured and helps the agent. Seven company claims offices in Ontario provide fast service covering automobile, fire, personal property floater, teams, burglary, plate glass, cargo, elevator, general liability and fidelity and surety bonds.

HEAD OFFICE: 199 BAY ST. TORONTO

**PILOT INSURANCE COMPANY**



THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE Ltd. · FOUNDED 1710 · FIRE AND CASUALTY

Robert Lynch Stalling, Mgr. for Canada
TORONTO

EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN



The Wawanēsa Mutual Insurance Company

—ORGANIZED IN 1896—

**Admitted Assets - $3,819,972.11**
**Surplus - - - - - - 2,014,637.07**

—Write for Financial Statement—

Head Office: WAWANESA, Man.
Eastern Office: TORONTO, Ont.

Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, and Montreal.



## Fear of the Unknown

The manufacturer, distributor or retailer with a "Dominion of Canada" Comprehensive Liability Policy knows that if an action for damages starts, even if it is caused by a risk at present quite unforeseen, the insurance company takes over. Yet the premium for this automatic protection is no more than required to cover present hazards.

The DOMINION of CANADA General INSURANCE COMPANY

LIFE-FIRE CASUALTY



THE Casualty Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

E. D. GOODERHAM, President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

fered by life insurance. The borrowing power of the policyholder has been one of the great blessings of life insurance in times of emergency, and the interest rate never exceeds 6 per cent.

Outside of those engaged in the business, comparatively few persons are aware that there are about four million individual life insurance policyholders in the Dominion of Canada, and, assuming but one beneficiary for each policyholder, it is evident that at least two-thirds of the entire population of the country have a financial stake in the life insurance business, and who accordingly have more than an academic interest in protecting it against those who would destroy or impair its present usefulness.

At times the attempt is made to create the impression that the life insurance companies of the country represent aggregations of capital owned by rich stockholders. While they do represent large accumulations of funds, the portion of these funds owned by the shareholders, where there are shareholders, is so small in comparison with the funds earmarked for the policyholders as to be of little or no consequence. In the case of mutual companies, all the assets and all the profits belong to the policyholders. In the case of stock companies, at least ninety per cent of the profits earned on participating policies must, under our law, go to the policyholders, and in some companies the proportion allotted is higher.

At the end of 1942 the total admitted assets of the Canadian life insurance companies, stock and mutual, operating under Dominion registry were $2,729,419,890. The paid up capital of the Canadian stock companies was $11,846,170, and the balance in the shareholders' surplus account, together with unpaid dividends, amounted to $5,937,007, a total of $17,783,177, against the total assets of these companies of $2,430,700,052.

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## Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to be informed as to when the practice of permitting policyholders to have the proceeds of life insurance policies paid in the form of a monthly income instead of in a lump sum first came into use.

—S. M. C., London, Ont.

Fifty years ago there was one company that had a provision in its policies for the payment of the proceeds in instalments, but it is only in comparatively recent years that the practice has become general. In 1890 the policies of several companies provided for the payment of policy proceeds in instalments over a period of years. Shortly thereafter came the provision for the payment of a continuous income during the lifetime of the beneficiary. Now there is the provision for the payment of a monthly income during the lifetime of the beneficiary and for a certain period of years, usually twenty, in any event.

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## Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

LAKE Shore Mines at Kirkland Lake, encouraged by the development of great lengths and widths of high grade ore at the 6,075 ft. level, has installed hoisting equipment in an underground station at 5950 ft. in depth and has already commenced to sink still deeper. The objective this time is a depth of 8,000 ft. Although Lake Shore, like all other Canadian gold mines is laboring under the serious handicap of shortage of manpower and supplies, yet the directors recognize this situation as but temporary and are guiding the mine forward to the time when it will once more operate at full capacity and with an assured life of another two to three decades indicated.

•

The United States government has issued notice that it will not renew its contract to buy cobalt after the end of this year. The inference is that cobalt requirements are expected to be met through imports from Rhodesia. Output in Canada has been coming largely from salvage operations in the old and worked out silver mines of Cobalt

•

Golden Manitou continues to mill 1,000 tons of ore daily and is receiving nearly $10 per ton higher for its concentrates than specified in the original contracts. After paying interest on bank loans, the company made an operating profit of $282,709 during the first six months of 1943. This was before write-offs.

•

Hard Rock continues to drift in ore at the 625 ft. level where a length of approximately one hundred feet so far opened is estimated to contain more than one quarter of an ounce of gold to the ton of ore and with a width of twelve to fifteen feet indicated.

•

A large reduction in the strength of Canada's army of home defence has been heralded throughout the country as a move calculated to substantially improve the labor supply in various vital industries. Also, with operations on the farms of the nation about to enter a six months period of lessened activity, there is expected to be an upsurge in the operation of other industries.

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## Challenge to Civilization

(*Continued from Page 43*)

itical sphere but in adapting our whole scale of values to the new technology. It need not be an unduly painful process if there is a clear realization of the direction we are travelling. It can be made without doing violence to existing institutions or the proved techniques of the business world. With this adjustment, the second stage of the industrial revolution will reach fruition in a true synthesis of freedom and power, the middle way between collectivism of the Left and Right which will preserve the continuity of the Anglo-Saxon tradition and way of life.

The economic challenge, the greatest which Anglo-American civilization has yet faced, calls for an adequate response, not from the view of purchasing a short reprieve from disaster by the methods which have contributed to it, but with the reference to the long range objective of Anglo-Saxon policy—the release of power in a society of free movement and expression. Anything short of that will spell defeat. A measure of the urgency of the task is the vigor of the collectivists who in their zeal for the release of power in an era of abundance would surrender (though involuntarily) the Anglo-Saxon theme of freedom which has rung through two centuries of constitutional progress.


BUILDERS WHO SEND

*Ships* DOWN TO THE SEA

Canadian shipbuilders pay their tribute to the loyal heroism of those who sail our navy and merchant marine by a magnificent response to the cry, "Give us more ships!" The Bank of Montreal, through its branches in shipbuilding centres, gives helpful banking service to employers and workers in this, as in every war industry.

BANK OF MONTREAL

"A Bank Where Small Accounts Are Welcome"

Modern, Experienced Banking Service . . . *the Outcome of 125 Years' Successful Operation*

A 181

Automobile and General Casualty Insurance

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Agency Inquiries Invited

VANCE C. SMITH, Res. Sec'y. Concourse Bldg. Toronto, Elgin 3355

"THE SAFETY-MINDED COMPANY"

# WORK HOURS spell "*Victory*"

TO supply our men on the fighting fronts, to assist the United Nations and to maintain essential services on the home front, requires every ounce of energy of the Canadian public.

This is total war, with liberty the prize. Canadians realize we can not win that prize without hard, steady work.

Under a recent order, issued in pursuance of National Selective Service Civilian Regulations, thousands of Canadians—employers and employees—are expected to forego some part of their peacetime liberty in regard to employment matters, in order that the Nation's war machine may increase its pace—rather than operate at less than capacity.

In order to conserve the working forces in war industries and essential services, this order requires that no male employee be released, nor may he separate, from a job in either of the two top labour priorities—"A" and "B"—without first securing special permission from a National Selective Service Officer.

The order bears equally on employer and employee: both are restrained from any wastage of man hours through needless labour turnover.

An employer is obligated to post a notice in the form prescribed, where his plant or undertaking is covered by the order, so that his employees will be informed of the regulations as applying to them.

All are urged to comply in the national interest. Penalties are provided for failure to comply.

Anyone wishing information is requested to enquire at the nearest Employment and Selective Service Office.

***Employers and employees alike are urged to strike a blow for freedom!***
***Keep production at full capacity!***

NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE

DL22E

DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

HUMPHREY MITCHELL
*Minister of Labour*

A. MacNAMARA
*Director, National Selective Service*

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

*Today, again, we are looking toward*
A NEW WORLD!

*Christopher Columbus*
on October 12, 1492, from the deck of the Santa Maria, flagship of his fleet of three tiny caravels, first sighted land in the Western Hemisphere.

*Buy the New*
VICTORY BONDS

JUST AS COLUMBUS, the perils of his epic voyage behind him, looked on that October morning long ago at the land rising from the sea ahead so, also, we . . . at some not too far distant date . . . will finally sight our own new world which lies beyond the seas of war.

That world will offer justice, liberty and life to all . . . but, before we attain it, we must win our way through troubled waters, must emerge triumphant from the storm of battle.

Today all hands are needed still on deck . . . working with might and main and giving of all they have . . . to *speed the victory.*

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED

*Refiners of*
WHITE ROSE
PETROLEUM PRODUCTS